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THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE.

VOL. 35.—OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1922.—No. 138.

TRADITIONAL TEXTS AND TUNES.

BY ALBERT H. TOLMAN AND MARY O. EDDY.¹

THE present collection is a continuation of the one in this Journal, xxix [1916], 155–197, entitled "Some Songs Traditional in the United States." That paper will be cited here as Part I, with the page reference added. As in the earlier paper, the material will be arranged in the following divisions: I. Older ballads (those in Child); II. Modern ballads (excluding homiletic ballads and play-party songs); III. Homiletic ballads; IV. Play-party songs. The texts under I are numbered as in Child. Under each of the other divisions the arrangement is alphabetical by titles. A generally accepted title is used when practicable. It is not the intention to print a text which is virtually a duplicate of one already in print and generally accessible.

If any ballad treated here is mentioned in one of the four following lists, the fact is indicated, unless reference is made instead to a published version of that collector.

CHECK-LISTS.

Phillips Barry [check-list], no date [approximately 1907]. Privately printed. (A New England collection; 84 ballads described.)

H. M. Belden, *Song-ballads* . . . known in Missouri, 2d ed., 1910. Privately printed. (145 titles.)

Louise Pound, *Folk-Song of Nebraska and the Central West*, A Syllabus. Nebraska Academy of Sciences, 1915. (More than 500 titles; 16 "Pioneer and Western Songs" given in full.)

Hubert G. Shearin and Josiah H. Combs, A Syllabus of Kentucky Folk-Songs. Transylvania University, Lexington, Ky., 1911. (About 350 titles.)

In addition to the volumes of this Journal, cited as JAFL, the follow-

¹ The present collection has been put in form by the undersigned; but Miss Eddy has contributed so much to it, that it seems only fair to name her as joint author. Almost all of the airs here printed have come from her. I have no knowledge of music. Miss Eddy is trying to collect all the folk-songs surviving in tradition in the State of Ohio, both the words and the airs. She will welcome assistance. The address Perrysville, O., will always reach her. — A. H. TOLMAN.

ing collections have been examined for texts and parallels. These are usually referred to by title only. Books printed before 1898 are not cited for texts of ballads contained in Child's great collection, completed in that year. References which seem to contradict this principle are given for the tunes. Some of the books named were not before me when this paper was first written in 1917. References in Kittredge, "Ballads and Songs" (JAFL xxx, 283-369), are usually not repeated here.

1. Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England, James Henry Dixon (in vol. xvii of the publications of the Percy Society).
2. Ancient Scots Ballads, with the traditional airs . . . George Eyre-Todd. London, n.d. [1894 ?].
3. Ballads and Songs of Lancashire, ed. by John Harland, edition of 1875. London, Routledge. (Contains few folk-songs.)
4. Cowboy Songs, John A. Lomax. New York, 1910. (An enlarged edition came out later.)
5. Early Ballads . . . also Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England, Robert Bell. London, 1877. (Reprints much of Dixon's collection, No. 1 above.)
6. English County Songs, Lucy E. Broadwood and J. A. Fuller Maitland. London, 1893.
7. English Folk-Songs, Wm. Alexander Barrett. London, n.d., Novello.
8. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharp, with introduction, notes, and bibliography. Putnam, 1917. (Especially valuable.)
9. English Minstrelsie, S. Baring-Gould. 8 vols., Edinburgh [1895-97]. (Not many folk-songs included.)
10. English Traditional Songs and Carols . . . with accompaniments, Lucy E. Broadwood. London, 1908, Boosey.
11. The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, Ella Mary Leather. London, 1912.
12. Folk-Songs from Dorset, H. E. D. Hammond. London, 1908, Novello.
13. Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties, R. Vaughan Williams. London, 1908, Novello.
14. Folk-Songs from Hampshire, George B. Gardiner. London, 1909, Novello.
15. Folk-Songs from Somerset, Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Marson, five series. London, first edition, 1904-09.
16. Folk-Songs from Sussex, W. Percy Merrick. London [1912], Novello.
17. Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains, Josephine McGill. New York and London, 1917, Boosey.
18. A Garland of Country Song, S. Baring-Gould and H. Fleetwood Sheppard. London, 1895, Methuen.
19. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, 6 vols. and Part I of Vol. vii. London, 1899-1922. (In progress.)
20. Lonesome Tunes: Folk Songs from the Kentucky Mountains, Vol. I, Loraine Wyman and Howard Brockway. New York, 1916, H. W. Gray Co.

21. *The Minstrelsy of England*, Alfred Moffat and Frank Kidson. London, 1901. (Not many folk-songs are included.)
22. *Modern Street Ballads*, John Ashton. London, 1888, Chatto.
23. *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, [Miss] M. H. Mason. London, new ed., 1908.
24. *One Hundred English Folksongs*, Cecil J. Sharp. Boston, 1916, Ditson.
25. *The Popular Songs of Scotland*, with . . . melodies, George F. Graham. London, new ed., 1884.
26. *The Quest of the Ballad*, by W. Roy Mackenzie. Princeton University Press, 1919. (Nova Scotian material. Referred to as "Mackenzie," with page-numbers.)
27. *Real Sailor-Songs*, John Ashton. London, 1891.
28. *The Roxburghe Ballads*, Wm. Chappell and J. W. Ebsworth. 8 vols. London and Hertford, Printed for the Ballad Society, 1871-99.
29. *The Roxburghe Ballads*, Charles Hindley, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1873, 1874, Reeves and Turner.
30. *Scots Minstrelsie*, John Greig. 6 vols. Edinburgh, vol. ii dated 1893.
31. *The Shirburn Ballads, 1585-1616*, Andrew Clark. Oxford, 1907.
32. *Songs and Ballads of Northern England*, John Stokoe and Samuel Reay. London [1892], Scott.
33. *The Songs of Scotland*, J. Pittman and Colin Brown. London, n.d., Boosey.
34. *Songs of the West*, S. Baring-Gould and others. London, 5th ed. with additions [1913], Methuen.
35. *Traditional Tunes . . . with Words*, Frank Kidson. Oxford, 1891.
36. *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, With Many Old . . . Melodies*, Robert Ford. Paisley, new ed., 1904, Gardner.

In this list Nos. 1, 3, 5, 22, 26, 27, 28, 29, 31, print no tunes; Nos. 4, 36, print some airs; the other collections give both words and music. For a valuable list of books on the subject of traditional music, see "*Journal of the Folk-Song Society*," ii, 61-65; iii, 144 f., 244 f., 319 f.; iv, 82, 142; v, 252. Nos. 4, 8, 17, 20, in the above list, contain texts and airs found in the United States. No. 26 is Nova Scotian material.

Some ballads taken up in Part I, and not elsewhere mentioned in this article, have interesting variants in "*English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*." I cite Part I by page and title, and the texts of Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Sharp by numbers. Part I, p. 158, "*The Twa Brothers*" (Child, No. 49), = No. 11 in C. and S. (4 texts, 5 airs); p. 159, "*Lord Thomas and Fair Annet*" (Child, 73), = No. 16 in C. and S. (2 texts, 11 airs);¹ p. 171, "*Dog and Gun*," = No. 52 in C. and S.; p. 190, "*The Unlucky Young Man*," — compare No. 115 in C. and S.²

The compilers of this collection are most grateful to Professor Kit-

¹ See also Mackenzie. pp. 97-99.

² [See also "*Posey Boy*," Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* (New York [1919]), pp. 7-9.]

tredge for advice and assistance. His additions and annotations are indicated by brackets.

The material here presented was first put together in 1917.¹

I. OLDER SONGS

(NUMBERED AS IN CHILD).

4. LADY ISABEL AND THE ELF-KNIGHT.

Part I, 156; JAFI xxx, 286; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 11; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 2 (4 texts, 5 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 93-95. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, ii, 282 (3 airs); Songs of Northern England, 130; English County Songs, 164.

Obtained through Miss Eddy, from Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O.

Little Golden.

1. Come listen, come listen, young people all,
A story unto you I will tell,
Of a false-hearted knight and little Golden,
And the truth unto you I will tell, tell, tell,
And the truth unto you I will tell.
2. He went unto her father's house
About nine o'clock at night;
Up bespeaks the parrot,
And unto the Golden did say,
"What is the matter with my little Golden,
That you are up before day, day, day,
That you are up before day?"
3. "Hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
No tales on me do tell,
And your cage shall be lined with the yellow glittering gold,
And hung on yon willow tree, tree, tree,
And hung on yon willow tree."
4. They took of her father's yellow glittering gold,
Likewise of her mother's fees,
And the two best horses in her father's stable
Wherein stand thirty and three, three, three,
Wherein stand thirty and three.
5. She jumped on the bonny, bonny brown,
And he on the dapplin' gray;
They rode till they came to the sea-beating shore,
Long, long before it was day, day, day.
Long, long before it was day.

¹ Professor Louise Pound of the University of Nebraska has brought out an excellent anthology of American folk-poetry, *American Ballads and Songs* (Scribner's, 1922), with an introduction, notes, and an index. For many of the ballads here given good texts may be found there. By a regrettable oversight, references to that book have not been inserted in reading the proof of the present collection, except in a few cases.

6. "Take off, take off that fine silk gown,
And lie it on yonder stone;
For it is too fine and over-costly
To rot in a watery tomb, tomb, tomb,
To rot in a watery tomb."

7. "O turn your head around about,
And gaze at the leaves on yon tree;
Ain't it a pity such a rebel as you
A naked woman should see, see, see,
A naked woman should see? "

8. He turned his head around about,
To gaze at the leaves on yon tree;
So manfully she picked him up,
And plunged him into the sea, sea, sea,
And plunged him into the sea.

9.
Saying, "Six king's daughters you have drowned here,
And the seventh has drowned thee, thee, thee,
And the seventh has drowned thee."

10. She jumped on her bonny, bonny brown,
And led home the dapplin' gray,
She rode till she came to her father's stable,
One long hour before it was day, day, day,
One long hour before it was day.

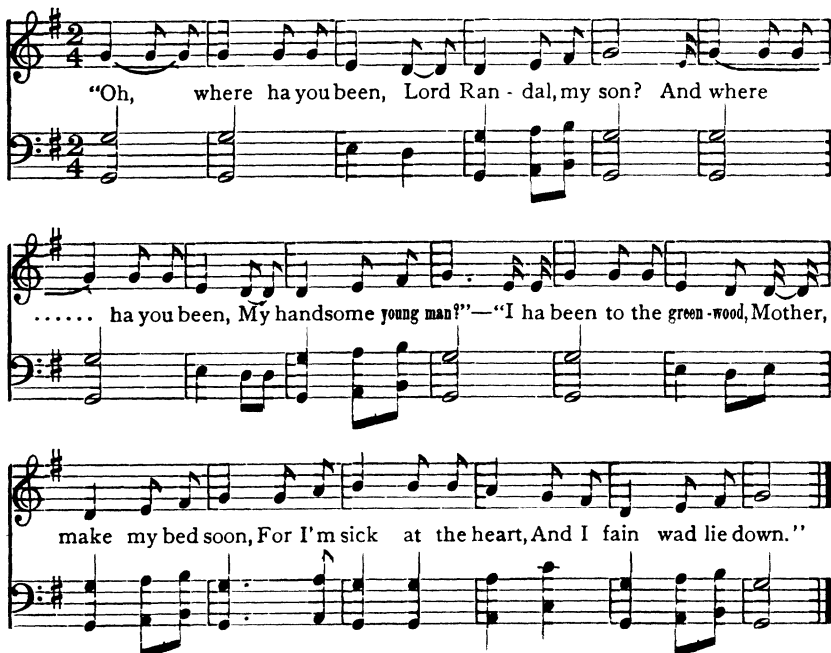
11. Then up bespeaks her father,
And unto the parrot did say,
"What's the matter with my pretty Polly,
That you're plattering so long before day, day, day,
That you're plattering so long before day? "

12. "Two strange (*or* wild) cats came to my cage door,
And said they would murder me,
And I was calling to little Golden,
To drive these cats off away, 'way, 'way,
To drive these cats off away."

12. LORD RANDAL.

Part I, 157; JAFL xxx, 289-290; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 18; Ancient Scots Ballads, 48; Scots Minstrelsie, iv, 128; Songs of Scotland, 136; The Songs of England, ed. J. L. Hatton, London, Boosey, n.d., 111; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, v, 117-120, 122 f., 244-248; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 6 (5 texts and airs); Shearin, Modern Language Review, xiv (1919), 211-214.

The following air comes from Miss Emma Schrader, University of Chicago, "as I remember having heard my mother sing it, in Cheshanese, Ill. It probably came from England with my grandparents, who came to America in 1845."



“Oh, where ha you been, Lord Ran - dal, my son? And where
..... ha you been, My handsome young man?”—“I ha been to the green - wood, Mother,
make my bed soon, For I'm sick at the heart, And I fain wad lie down.”

53. YOUNG BEICHAN.

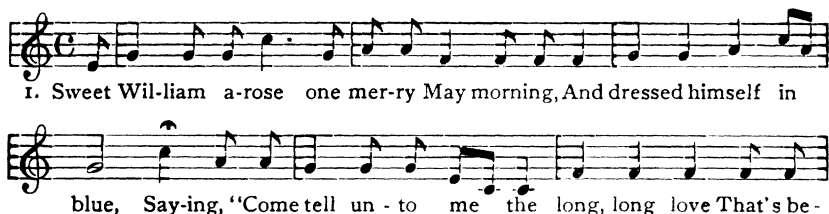
For references to American texts see JAFL xxx, 294-297. Add English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 12 (2 texts, 5 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 112-118.

Miss Eddy sends a fragmentary text of “Lord Bateman,” gotten in Ohio.

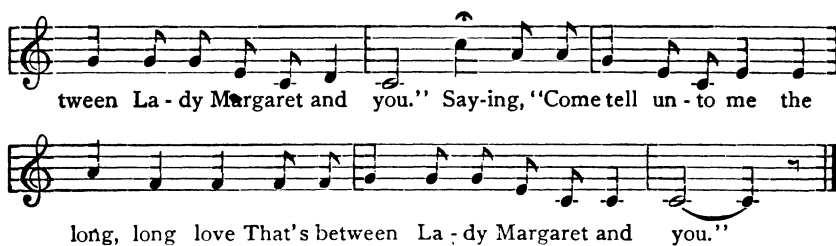
74. LADY MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

See Part I, 160; JAFL xxx, 302-304; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 17 (4 texts, 7 airs); Mackenzie, pp. 124-126.

This text and air came to Miss Eddy through Miss Jane Goon from Mrs. Liza B. Bowman, Akron, O.



1. Sweet Wil-liam a-rose one mer-ry May morning, And dressed himself in
blue, Say-ing, “Come tell un - to me the long, long love That's be -



2. "I know no harm of her," he said,
 "And I hope that she knows none of me,
 But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock
 Lady Margaret my bride shall see."
3. Lady Margaret was standing in her own hall door,
 A-combing back her hair,
 When who did she spy but Sweet William and his bride,
 As they to the church drew near.
4. She threw down her ivory comb,
 And with silk she tied her hair,
 And this pretty, fair maiden went out of the room,
 And never was seen back there.
5. The day was far spent and the night was coming on,
 When most of the men was at work;
 Sweet William he said he was troubled in his head
 By a dream that he dreamt that night.
6.

 He dreamed his room was full of wild swine,
 And his bride's bed swimming in blood.
7. The night was far spent, and the day coming on,
 When most of the men was asleep,
 When Lady Margaret's ghost appeared,
 And stood at his bed's feet.
8. "How do you like your bed," says she,
 "And how do you like your sheet?
 And how do you like your newly-married bride,
 That lies in your arms and sleeps?"
9. "Very well do I like my bed," said he,
 "And also I like my sheet,
 But the best of all is that fair lady in white
 That stands at my bed's feet."

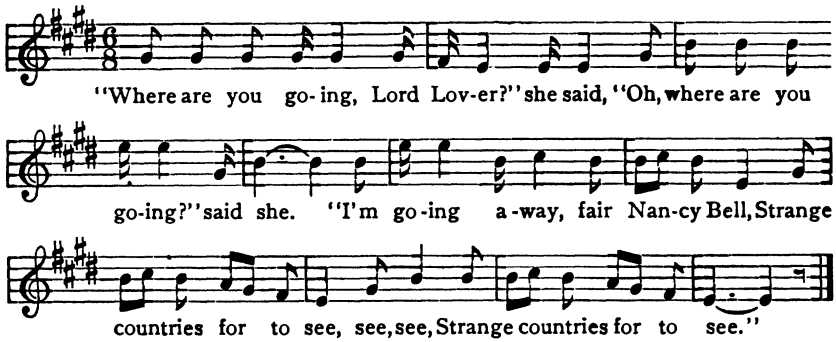
10. Her face was as white as the driven snow,
Clad in that yonder cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily-white hand,
That held her lily-white shroud.
11. Then he called on his merry maidens all,
By one, by two, by three,
And the last of all on his new married bride,
Lady Margaret she might go and see.
12. Oh, is she in her high bower-ee,
Or is she in her hall,
Or is she in her gay coaches,
Among her merry maidens all?
13. No, she [']is not in her high bower-ee,
Nor she is not in her hall,
But she is in her new coffin,
Laid out against the wall.
14. "Take down, take down, those sheets," said he,
"Made out of the silk so fine,
And let me kiss them clay-cold lips,
For so oft they have kissed mine."
15. "Take down, take down, those sheets," said he,
"Made out of the linen so fine,
To-day they are over Lady Margaret's corpse,
And to-morrow they will be over mine."
16. Lady Margaret she died as if to-day,
Sweet William he died on the morrow;
Lady Margaret she died of pure, pure love,
Sweet William he died of sorrow.
17. Lady Margaret was buried under a cherry-tree top,
Sweet William was buried under a willow,
And they both grew high, and they both grew together,
And they tied in a true-lovers' knot.

75. LORD LOVEL.

Part I, 160. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 18; Folk-Songs of the Kentucky Mountains, 9-13. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, vi, 31-33.

Miss Eddy sends an excellent text that comes from Pennsylvania. She gets the following air from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve,

O. "It resembles the tune to 'Lord Lovel' in Sharp's 'One Hundred English Folksongs,' No. 26, and sounds very well with his accompaniment."

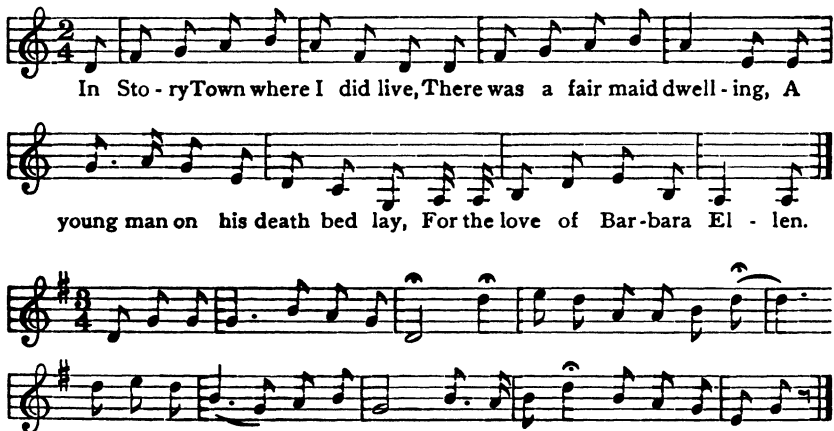


"Where are you go-ing, Lord Lov-er?" she said, "Oh, where are you go-ing?" said she. "I'm go-ing a-way, fair Nan-cy Bell, Strange countries for to see, see, see, Strange countries for to see."

84. BONNY BARBARA ALLEN.

In Part I, 160, two references are wrong. They should read: *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 265-267; *JAFL* xx, 256. Add: *JAFL* xxx, 317; *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 21 (6 texts, 10 airs); a Nova Scotian text is in Mackenzie, pp. 100-102. *Scots Minstrelsie*, i, 92; *Ancient Scots Ballads*, 188; *The Popular Songs of Scotland*, 80; *The Songs of Scotland*, 132; *One Hundred English Folksongs*, No. 7; *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, ii, 80 (2 airs).

Since Part I was in print, Miss Eddy has obtained two more texts from Ohio, one from Kentucky, and the following tunes. The first air is from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, from the singing of Mrs. Brannan, Lily, Ky. "This is the way she sang most of the stanzas."

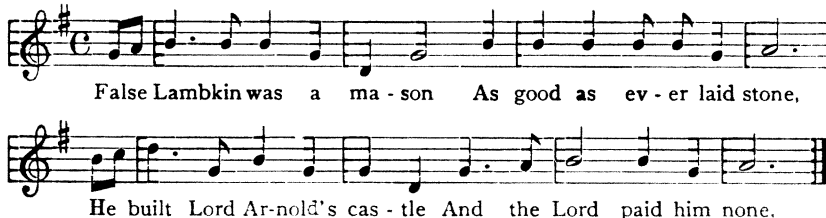


In Sto-ry Town where I did live, There was a fair maid dwell-ing, A young man on his death bed lay, For the love of Bar-bara El-len.

93. LAMKIN.

Part I, 162-164; JAFL xxx, 318; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 23.

Miss Eddy sends Miss Goon's air for "False Lambkin," printed in Part I.



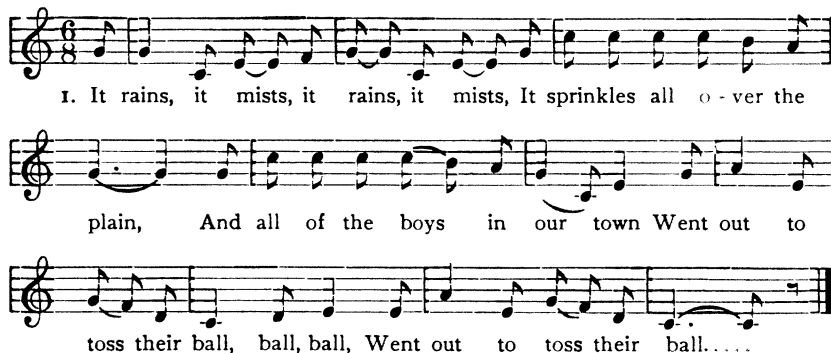
False Lambkin was a ma-son As good as ev-er laid stone,
He built Lord Ar-nold's cas-tle And the Lord paid him none.

155. SIR HUGH, OR, THE JEW'S DAUGHTER.

Part I, 164-166; JAFL xxx, 322; Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 26. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, v, 253-256; English County Songs, 86; Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs, 46.

The Jew's Daughter.

Obtained by Miss Eddy from the singing of Mrs. Charles Wise, Perrysville, O.



1. It rains, it mists, it rains, it mists, It sprinkles all o-ver the
plain, And all of the boys in our town Went out to
toss their ball, ball, ball, Went out to toss their ball....

2. At first they tossed it a little too high,
And then a little too low,
Over in the Jew's garden flew one of the balls,
Where no one dared to go.
3. Out came the Jew's daughter all dressed in silk,
Crying, "Come in, little boy,
Come in, come in, my pretty little boy!
You shall have your ball again."
4. "No, I won't come in, no, I sha'n't come in,
Unless my playmates do,
For ofttimes have I heard it said
Whoever went in should never come out again."

5. At first she showed him a ripe yellow apple,
And then a gay, gold ring,
And next a cherry as red as blood,
To entice the little boy in.
6. She took him by his lily-white hand,
And drew him across the hall;
Down in the dark cellar she went with him,
Where no one could him amid [call].
7. And there she laid him upon a table
Beside a great bow-knife,
And called for a basin all lined with gold
To catch his heart-blood in.
8. "Lay my Bible at my head,
My prayer-book at my feet,
And when my playmates call for me,
Pray, tell them I'm asleep.
9. "Lay my prayer-book at my feet,
My Bible at my head,
And when my parents call for me,
Pray, tell them that I'm dead."

226. LIZIE LINDSAY.

The Blaeberry Courtship.

"The Blaeberry Courtship," or "The Blaeberries," which seems to be founded on the traditional ballad of "Lizie Lindsay," has not, I think, been hitherto found in the United States; but Mackenzie prints a text from Nova Scotia ("The Quest of the Ballad," pp. 230-234).

See Ancient Scots Ballads, 248; The Popular Songs of Scotland, 264; Scots Minstrelsie, ii, 216; The Songs of Scotland, 118; Handbook of the Songs of Scotland, ed. by William Mitchison, 1851, 17; Songs of the North, ed. by Macleod, Boulton, and Lawson (1885), 66 (with air); Stokoe, Songs of Northern England, 62-63. [Also: Ford, Vagabond Songs, ii, 77-82, and Auld Scots Ballants, 121-125; Whitelaw, The Book of Scottish Ballads, 1845, 276-278; Gavin Greig, xliii; The Goldfinch [chapbook], J. Marshall, Newcastle, 12-16; broadsides printed by George Walker, Jr. [Durham] and Stephenson [Gateshead], and a Glasgow chapbook ["The Blaeberry Courtship:" Harvard College 25276.43. 23, No. 1], "printed for the Booksellers."]

Obtained through Professor Edith Foster Flint of the University of Chicago, and Mrs. M. P. Starr of Chicago, from Mrs. Annie McAllister, Winnetka, Ill., an aged Scotchwoman, who learned the words from her mother.

1. In the Highlands of Scotland there dwells a young man;
He's well educated, as we understand;
2. He's awa' to the Lowlands to ask for a bride,
And he's rolled himself up in a bra tartan plaid.
3. It's "Will you come wi' me," said he, "bonnie lassie;
Oh, will you come wi' me those Highlands to see?"
4. "I'll no leave those Lowlands nor brown corn-fields,
Not for all the blay-berries your wild mountain yields."
5. Down comes her father, a gray-haired old man:
"Could you not get a mistress in all your own land?"
6. "But small entertainment's for our Lowland dames,
For to promise them blay-berries on your wild heathery plains."
7. Down comes her mother, her daughter to advise,
Saying, "If thou go with him, thou wilt not be wise.
8. "He's a real rakish fellow, and as bare as the cra';
He's a king to the Katherines [worms]¹ for a' that we kna'."
-
9. She's awa' now, poor thing, she's awa';
She's awa' to a place her two eyes ne'er saw.
-
10. "Don't you remember, school-fellows were we?
I was slighted by all the house, darlin', but thee.
11. "These lands and fine livings were all gie'd to me;
And I wooed you, my darling, to share them with thee.
12. "You're welcome from . . . , you're twice welcome home,
And welcome as mistress to Bailywell Toun."

Refrain.

Milka' coos [cows], lassies, and come away home.
Put on your hat, farmer, for that is too low,
For a peacock to bow to a crow.

243. JAMES HARRIS (THE DÆMON LOVER).

For American texts see JAFL xxx, 325-327. Add English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 29 (5 texts, 11 airs).

English texts: Songs of the West, No. 76 (a shortened text; see Introduction); Real Sailor Songs 74, 2d text.

¹ This gloss is in Mrs. Starr's MS.

The House Carpenter.

American texts of "The House Carpenter" are not uncommon. Usually they do not vary greatly from the de Marsan broadside (New York City, about 1860), reprinted in Henry de Marsan's "New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal" (i, 626 [No. 83]), and by Barry (JAFL xviii, 207).

Miss Eddy sends three variants and three airs. In one of her texts the wife jumps overboard. I print the airs. The first is from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. The second air was obtained from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O. The third was taken down by Professor Eschman, Denison College, Granville, O., from the singing of Professor Lily Bell Sefton.

(a)

Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," said
 he. "I've just re - turned from the salt, salt sea, And it's
 all for the love of thee, I've just re - turned from the
 salt, salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

(b)

Well met, well met, my own true love, Well met, well met," said
 he. "I've just re - turned from the salt, salt sea, And it's
 all for the love of thee, I've just re - turned from the
 salt, salt sea, And it's all for the love of thee."

[New]

(c)

"I've just come from the salt, salt sea, And 'twas all on account of thee, For I've just had an offer of a king's daughter fair, And she fain would have married me." "Well, if you've had an offer of a king's daughter fair, I think you're much to blame, For I've lately been married to a house carpenter, And I think he's a nice young man."

In Aeolian Mode.

274. OUR GOODMAN.

Part I, 166; JAFL xxx, 328; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 32 (2 texts, 3 airs). Ancient Scots Ballads, 116; Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, 212-214.

Miss Eddy sends in a coherent but incomplete text from Ohio. ["'Twas on Christmas day" may be found also in "The Nightingale" (London, Tegg), pp. 144-145.]

II. MODERN SONGS

(EXCLUDING HOMILETIC BALLADS AND PLAY-PARTY SONGS).

THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

Belden, No. 33; Pound, 14. This is derived from the favorite ballad "The Children in the Wood," printed in Percy's *Reliques*, iii, 169 ff. (Wheatley's edition); also in Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* (1857-58), iii, 128 ff.; in Davidson's *Universal Melodist*, ii, 184 (with tune); and elsewhere.¹ A semi-comical version is given in *Modern Street Ballads*, 124.

From Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io.

¹ [See Charles Kent, *The Land of the "Babes in the Wood,"* London (1910).]

1. Oh, don't you remember, a long time ago,
Two poor little children whose names I don't know,
Were stolen away, one fine summer day,
And lost in the woods? So I've heard people say.
2. And when it came night, oh, sad was their plight!
The moon did not shine, and the stars gave no light.
They cried and they cried, and they bitterly sighed;
Poor babes in the wood! They lay down and died.
3. And when they were dead, the robins so red
Brought strawberry-leaves, and over them spread;
And sang them a song the whole night long.
Poor babes in the wood! Poor babes in the wood!

[This children's song was printed in 1818 at Newburyport, Mass., in a tiny volume called "A Song Book for Little Children," pp. 7-9 (Harvard College Library, 25276.43.82). Miss McGill has found it in Kentucky ("Folk Songs of the Kentucky Mountains" [1917], pp. 103-106 [with tune]). It is regularly included in collections of nursery rhymes: Halliwell, 5th and 6th eds., No. 52, p. 35; Mrs. Valentine, "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles," Camden Edition, No. 53, pp. 36-37; Louey Chisholm, "Nursery Rhymes," p. 68; "The Old Nursery Rhymes, or The Merrie Heart," 5th ed., pp. 66-67; Andrew Lang, "The Nursery Rhyme Book" (1897), p. 56; Miss Mason, "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," p. 22 (with tune); Baring-Gould, "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes," No. 27, p. 40 (4 stanzas).

The long ballad of "The Children in the Wood" was often printed in this country as a broadside in the eighteenth and the early nineteenth century. Harvard College has an eighteenth-century copy "Sold at the Heart & Crown in Cornhill," Boston (Child Broad-sides), and another of about 1800 or earlier without imprint; also two broad-sides printed in Boston by Nathaniel Coverly the younger,— one of about 1811 ("Nathaniel Coverly, jun. Theatre Alley"), the other somewhat later, *ca.* 1818-28 ("N. Coverly, 16 Milk St."). A Newburyport (Mass.) broadside in the same library dates from early in the nineteenth century, and has a tantalizing imprint: "Sold by the Thousand, Groce, Hundred, Dozen, or Single, at the Bookstore and Printing-office of W. and J. GILMAN, Middle-street, Newburyport: Where may be had, wholesale or retail, a variety of Ancient and Modern Popular Songs and Ballads.— Price 3 cts." The Boston Public Library has an eighteenth-century American broadside of this piece (without imprint: H90a.309). The ballad is included in a song-book entitled "The Warbler," published at Augusta, Me., in

1805, pp. 177 ff. (Brown University). In 1796 "The Massachusetts Magazine," viii, 444-445, reprinted, without indication of source, part of a favorable critique on the piece from "The Westminster Magazine" of January, 1774. Among the many English broadsides containing the ballad, one is particularly noteworthy: it is a huge twopenny sheet published by Catnach and illustrated with eight delightful cuts (Harvard College Library). There is a quasi-comic version, "It's a woful tale I'm about to relate" (broadside, Bebbington, Manchester, No. 406: Harvard College).]

BALLAD OF THE THREE (IN GOOD OLD COLONY TIMES).

Part I, 167. See JAFL xxx, 348-349.

"King Arthur" (English County Songs, 20¹) resemble this, so does "The Three Sons" (One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 80). Both of these versions confirm Professor Kittredge's view that the text in Part I is complete; but Mrs. Fanny H. Ferris, Wheaton, Ill., says that in her youth she used to sing an additional stanza.

[In fact, two stanzas WERE appended to the song in one sophisticated version:—

Now if these three roguish chaps,
Who flourished under the king,
Had lived to see as much as me,
They'd surely have learned to sing.

Then the miller could sing to his love,
And the weaver comfort his wife,
And the little tailor make ballads for
To keep these three rogues right.

Thus the song appears in "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 12" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 39, and "The 'We Won't Go Home till Morning!' Songster" (New York, DeWitt, cop. 1869), p. 19. The latter has also the following prose introduction: "*Spoken:* In good old colony times, when our forefathers were under the king, there were three roguish chaps, who fell into mishaps, just because they couldn't sing. The Publisher would advise all boys to learn to sing, and then they will be found in the company of young ladies enjoying a musical feast; *this*, will keep them from falling into mishaps." The same (with the same prose preface) is in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 293 (No. 41). The regular version occurs

¹ [This version is adopted by Granville Bantock, One Hundred Songs of England (Boston, cop. 1914), No. 32, pp. 53-54. See also Percy C. Buck, The Oxford Song Book, 1916, pp. 110-111 (from the Scottish Students' Song Book); The Vauxhall Comic Song Book, ed. by J. W. Sharp, First Series, p. 187. Hardy's Under the Greenwood Tree, Part IV, chap. 2, contains a fragment consisting of the first line ("King Arthur had three sons") and the whole of the last stanza.]

in "The Stonewall Song Book," 11th ed. (Richmond, Va., 1865), p. 34, and, with some variations, in "Frank Brower's Black Diamond Songster and Ebony Jester" (New York, Dick & Fitzgerald, cop. 1863), p. 42.¹ In the latter the song begins, —

Old Daddy Hopkins had three sons,
As big rogues as ever did swing;
And he kicked them all three out of doors,
Because they could not sing.

A curious parody, "In Good Republican Times," turns the ditty to political uses. It is found in "The Wide-Awake Vocalist; or, Rail Splitters' Song Book. Words and Music for the Republican Campaign of 1860" (New York, cop. 1860), pp. 46-47. It begins, —

In good Republican times,
When foes were turning their coats,
Some roguish chaps did bait their traps
To catch the people's votes.

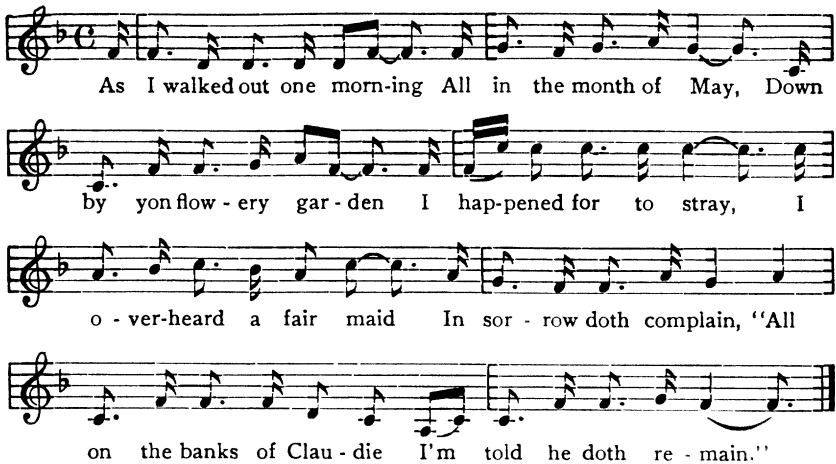
The song about three rogues beginning "When Arthur first in court began" (JAFL xxx, 349) was inserted by George Colman the Younger in his comedy "The Battle of Hexham; or, The Days of Old," first performed at the Haymarket on Aug. 11, 1789. He labels it "Old Glee, and Old Words" (act iii, London, 1808, p. 21). It may be found also in "The Busy Bee, or Vocal Repository" (London [179-]), i, 30-31; "The Royal Minstrel" (London, 1844), pp. 32-33; and Mrs. Valentine's "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles," No. 3, pp. 2-3. In this country I find it in "The Singers' Magazine and Universal Vocalist" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1835), i, 275; in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 754, No. 99 ("King Arthur"), and also, as a separate piece of music, "When Arthur first in court began, A Cheerful Glee for Three Voices Composed by Dr. Callcott, Arranged with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte," Philadelphia, John F. Nunns (Harvard College Library).]

THE BANKS OF CLAUDY.

Belden, Herrig's Archiv, cxx, 66 (one of ten ballads there printed on the theme of "The Returned Lover"); JAFL xxvi, 362 (Pound), a text and full references; Barry's No. 30 resembles this; Shearin's version, 24, seems not to have a happy close. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 19; iii, 287-289; cf. vi, 272, and vii, 112; Traditional Tunes, 88 ("the air resembles that below").

¹ [This songster is reprinted in The Universal Book of Songs and Singer's Companion (New York, Dick & Fitzgerald, cop. 1864)].

Miss Eddy got a text and this air from the singing of Mrs. Margaret Davis, Perrysville, O.



As I walked out one morn-ing All in the month of May, Down
by yon flow - ery gar - den I hap-pened for to stray, I
o - ver-heard a fair maid In sor - row doth complain, "All
on the banks of Clau - die I'm told he doth re - main."

[To the references in JAFL xxvi, 362, may be added Gavin Greig, "Folk Song of the North-East," xlviii; an English slip of the first half of the last century (no imprint: Harvard College); and, for America, "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, cop. 1846), pp. 44-45; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 44-45; "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 56; "The Wandering Refugee Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 34; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 40 (No. 5); "The Vocalist's Favorite Songster" (New York, cop. 1885), p. 185; "Delaney's Irish Song Book, No. 1," p. 8; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (cop. 1887), p. 10; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 2" (New York, cop. 1909), p. 12; broadsides published by Johnson (Philadelphia), A. W. Auner (Philadelphia), De Marsan (New York, List 2, No. 36, formerly J. Andrews), and Wehman (New York, No. 414). There is an American copy of Irish provenience in the Child MSS., i, 39 (Harvard College Library). Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in Michigan. MacKenzie (pp. 175-176) reports a version from Nova Scotia.

"The Banks of Claudy" was taken up by the Negro Minstrels in the fifties of the last century and turned to comic uses. The following version appears in the "Words of the Songs sung by the Campbell Minstrels (organized 1849), . . . Mr. Fox, Proprietor," St. James's Hall (London, J. Mallett, Printer), p. 15.

THE BOY WITH THE AUBURN HAIR.

Written and sung by Mr. C. H. Fox.

'Twas on a summer's morning, all in the month of May,
Down by a flow'ry gardjuen where Betsy she did stray,
I over-hear'd a damsuel in sorrow to complain
All for the loss of her true luvvyer who plow'd the raging main.

Chorus.

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! OH!

I step't up to this damsuel, I put her in surprise,
I knew she did not know me, I bein' in a singular disguise;
Says I, my charming creturer, my gay young heart's delight,
How far have you to travvial this dark and dreary night?

(Chorus.)

The way, kind Sir, to Plugsocket if you please to show,
So pity a fair distracted maid, for there I have to go,
In search of a faithless-hearted young man, Takemush is his name,
All on the banks of Plugsocket I'm told he does remain.

(Chorus.)

If Takemush he was here to-night he'd keep me from all harm,
But he's on the field of battuel with his gallient uniform;
As he's on the field of battuel, his foes he will destroy,
Like a roaring king of worruiers he fought the wars of Troy.

(Chorus.)

The same parody, without the fourth stanza, is printed in "Charley Fox's Sable Songster" (New York, F. A. Brady, cop. 1859), pp. 9-10. It has a few Darkey touches (such as "oberheard" for "overheard") and the following chorus:—

With my oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!
He was my darling:¹
He was the boy with the auburn hair;
His name was Mackavoy.

The hero's name is Sakmush, not Takemush, and the banks are those of Plucksocket. See also a de Marsan broadside (New York), List 8, No. 45, originally published (it seems) by J. Andrews in 1858 (3 stanzas and chorus); "Songs of the Florences" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 35 (4 stanzas and chorus); "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 11-12 (4 stanzas and chorus). In 1896 "Delaney's Song Book No. 13" gave the same

¹ [The word "boy" is accidentally omitted.]

four stanzas and chorus, but with amusing local adaptations: the heroine is journeying "to Mauniyunk" (Manayunk, Pa.), her lover's name is "Snicklefritz," the banks are those of the "Schullikill," it is "Johnny Kizer" who would keep her from all harm, and "Like a roaring boy from Darbia he fought in Germantown" (p. 22).]

THE BANKS OF SWEET DUNDEE.

I find no previous American text. Barry, No. 50. English County Songs, 116; English Folk-Songs, No. 45; Traditional Tunes, 53, 173; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 232 (air only); Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland, 78 (with air).

Miss Eddy reports that "The Banks of Sweet Dundee" in W. Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs" (Edinburgh, 1876, i, 258) has substantially the story of "The Banks of Claudy."

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Jane Vanscoyoc, Perrysville, O. The opening stanza seems to have come in from the song "Jack Munro." In the complete English ballad, Mary kills her uncle too, and gets all his money.

1. There was a wealthy merchant,
In London he did dwell,
And he had a lovely daughter,
And the truth to you I'll tell.
2. Her parents died and left her
A large amount in gold,
She then lived with her uncle,
Who was the cause of all her woe.
3. Her uncle had a plow boy
Young Mary loved quite well,
And in her uncle's garden
Their tales of love they would tell.
4. Her uncle overheard them,
.
He bargained with a squire
Their plans to overthrow.
5.
.
"We will banish young Willie
From the banks of sweet Dundee."
6. So early on one morning
He knocked at this maiden's door,
.
And unto her did say:

7. "Arise, arise, young Mary,
And a lady you may be,
For the squire is a-waiting
On the banks of sweet Dundee."
8. "What care I for your squire,
Or lords and dukes likewise?
For young Willie's eyes appear to me
Like diamonds in the skies."
9. As young Mary was a-walking
Down in her uncle's grove,
She met this wealthy squire
Who wants to make love to her.
10.
.
And he put his arms around her,
And tried to throw her down.
11. "Stand off, stand off," cried Mary,
"For dauntless I will be."
She the trigger drew, and the squire slew,
On the banks of sweet Dundee.

[There are two songs which go by the name of "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." The original song, to which Professor Tolman's text belongs and his references apply, and which is also known as "Undaunted Mary," is common in English broadsides. It runs to ten stanzas. See Harvard broadsides as follows: 25242.17, vi, 149, and ix, 79 (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 83); vii, 117 (Catnach); xi, 15 (Such); Pitts; George Walker, Durham, No. 6. The Walker broadside has an additional stanza, which appears also in Ford (as cited above) and in the text collected by Greig in Scotland, "Folk-Song of the North-East," lxvi. For America see "De Witt's Forget-Me-Not Songster," p. 94; "We Parted by the River Side Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 44; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 37 (No. 5); "Irish Come-All-Ye's," p. 68; "Delaney's Scotch Song Book No. 1" (New York), p. 3; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1887), p. 117; "Wehman Bros. Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 2" (New York, cop. 1909), pp. 6-7; Wehman broadside No. 274; Andrews broadside, List 6, No. 81. An imperfect copy was taken down in 1910 by Mr. F. C. Walker in St. John, New Brunswick. Mackenzie (pp. 47-48) prints a Nova Scotian version.

The other song is a sequel or "answer." This is the piece published by Christie (i, 258-259) as "The Banks of Sweet Dundee." It recounts the heroic deeds of Mary's lover, who has been pressed into the

navy, and tells of their happy reunion. Harvard College has it in broadsides issued by John Ross (Newcastle, No. 19: 25242.17, iv, 184) and J. O. Bebbington (Manchester, No. 320: 25242.17, x, 68), and Greig gives a text ("Folk-Song of the North-East," xxx). A somewhat different "answer," telling the same story, is in broadsides issued by Ryle & Co. (25242.17, vii, 238) and C. Paul. I have no record of the printing of either "answer" in America.]

THE BEDROOM WINDOW, OR, THE DROWSY SLEEPER.

I give this title to two songs which have a similar situation. Since this article was written, Professor Kittredge has discussed "the literary relations of this piece," also "the curious varieties in which it occurs and its mixture with other songs." See texts of "The Drowsy Sleeper" and comments (JAFL xxx, 338-343); also "The Silver Dagger" (JAFL xxx, 361-363).¹


No. 1.

This is the form called by Professor Kittredge "The Drowsy Sleeper." The lover is at the girl's window. She will not "ask" her father (waken her father), because he has with him a weapon (dagger) with which to kill her lover. She remains faithful. The conclusion does not suggest suicide.

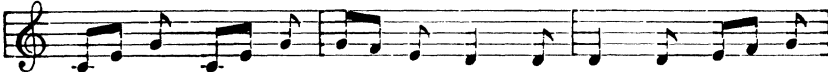
American texts: JAFL xxix, 200; xxx, 338-341, 3 texts (Kittredge); Belden, Herrig's Archiv, cxix, 430 f., 3 texts; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 47, Texts A and B, with airs. Shearin, 23; Pound, 18.

English texts: Folk-Songs from Sussex, 12; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 269; One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 47 (10 stanzas); Folk Songs from Somerset, No. 99. Compare Journal of the Folk-Song Society, iii, 78 ff.

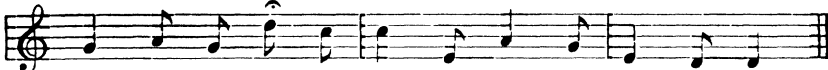
Miss Eddy gets the following fragment from the singing of Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O.



1. Go a-way from my win-dow, You'll wa-ken my fa-ther, Whose (Those)
2. No, I'll not go nor I'll court no oth-er, Nor



notes of love he will not hear, Or you must go and
whis-per gen-tler in her ear, But I will have you



court some oth-er, Or whis-per gen-tler in my ear.
from your moth-er, And res-cue in your true love's care.

¹ [A version of this piece ("The Shining Dagger"), with tune, is given by Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* (Boston [1819]), pp. 30-31.]

No. 2.

The situation is the same at first as in No. 1, but the lover and maid commit suicide with the same "silver dagger." Professor Kittredge points out that this form is a mixture of "The Drowsy Sleeper" ("The Bedroom Window") and "The Silver Dagger."

American texts: JAFL xxx, 341-343, texts IV and V (Kittredge); English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 47 (text and air). Barry, No. 30; Pound, 18.

Miss Eddy sends an excellent text. The lover kills himself with "the silvery weapon."

THE BLIND BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL GREEN.

It is interesting to find an American version of this well-known broadside ballad.

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs, 60 (64 stanzas); Child reprinted this text in his earlier collection (1857, iv, 161); Percy's text in the *Reliques* has emendations (ii, 171, Wheatley's ed.); Hindley, *Roxburghe Ballads*, i, 48; Chappell, *Roxburghe Ballads*, i, 38. The traditional text in the *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, i, 202, resembles mine.

Part I of "The Blind Beggar of Bednall Green" or "Tom Strowd," a play written in 1600, has come down to us (reprinted in Bullen's edition of Day and in Bang's "Materialien"). The former existence of the lost Parts II and III, recorded in Henslowe's Diary as written in 1601, shows that the theme was popular. Not much of Part I is derived from the ballad; but at the close of the play another character proposes to the blind beggar (a wronged nobleman who has assumed this disguise) that the beggar and he "drop angels" on a wager, and the beggar wins.

The text recited to Miss Eddy was learned nearly sixty years ago. [The version was certainly learned from print. It is almost word for word the same as that printed in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 129-130; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 323-324.]

THE BOLD PRIVATEER.

An English text is in "Traditional Tunes" (Kidson, 101).

Johnny (Jemmy) is about to go "aboard a bold privateer," but will return to his Polly.

[Miss Eddy's Ohio version, learned nearly sixty years ago, is almost identical, word for word, with that in the broadside printed by J. Andrews, List 1, No. 50 (New York); but Andrews has one more stanza, at the end:—

"Oh, my dearest Polly, your friends do me dislike,
 Besides you have two brothers who'd quickly take my life.
 Come change your ring with me, my dear, come change your ring with me,
 And that shall be our token, when I am on the sea."

The song was very popular on the American stage in the fifties and sixties of the last century.¹ It may be found in "The Ethiopian Serenader's Own Book" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), pp. 23-24; "The American Dime Song Book" (Philadelphia, cop. 1860), pp. 20-21;² "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, cop. 1860), pp. 48-49; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 53; "Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams' Irish Boy and Yankee Gal Songster" (Philadelphia, 1860), p. 32 ("sung by Mrs. Barney Williams"); "Songs of the Florences" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 27 ("as sung throughout the United States by Mrs. W. J. Florence, with hand-organ accompaniment, in her inimitable character of Frau Vonspitenislidicks, in the Protean Farce of 'Mischievous Annie'"); "Christy's New Songster and Black Joker" (New York, cop. 1863), p. 55 ("Der Bold Privateer," in German dialect, "as sung by W. A. Christy, in the character of the 'Organ Girl'").

The circulation of the song in American broadsides is curiously attested by "Tony Pastor's Combination Song or A Bunch of Penny Ballads" (sheet music, Boston, cop. 1863; Harvard College Library). This begins, —

As you walk through the town, on a fine summer day,
 The subject of my song you have met on your way,
 On railings and on fences, wherever you may go,
 You will see the Penny Ballads stuck up in a row.

And "The Bold Privateer" is mentioned among these penny ballads.³

Harvard College has two (and doubtless more) English broadsides that contain "The Bold Privateer:" 25242.17, vii, 178 (Catnach); ix, 179 (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 185).]

BONAPARTE AT ST. HELENA.

An American text in JAFL xiv, 140, from which I take the title.

The song begins, —

"Bonaparte he's awa' from his wars and his fighting;
 He's gone to the place that he takes no delight in."

¹ [A different song, but suggested by this, is "The Bold Privateer. Sung by Rollin Howard, in Howard at Home," for which see Henry de Marsan's *New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal*, i, 285 (No. 40).]

² ["Music published by Firth, Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York."]

³ ["The Goot Lager Bier" (de Marsan broadside, List 11, No. 33) is to be sung to the tune of "The Bold Privateer."]

Belden, No. 36. The Journal of the Folk-Song Society (ii, 88-90) prints a traditional text and two airs, also the broadside texts of Catnach (5 stanzas) and Such (6 stanzas).¹

Miss Eddy sends an incomplete Ohio text.

[This song occurs in "The American Songster," edited and published by John Kenedy (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 247-248; also in the editions published by Nafis & Cornish (New York, no date) and Cornish, Lamport & Co. (New York, 1851, same pages); "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), iii, 129 ff.; "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, 1846), pp. 80-81 (Brown University); "The Forget Me Not Songster" (Nafis & Cornish), pp. 205-206; the same (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher), pp. 118-119; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 51; "Wehman's Irish Song Book No. 1" (New York, cop. 1887), p. 113; "Delaney's Song Book No. 14" (New York [1897]), p. 22; broadside, de Marsan (New York), List 14, No. 10.]

THE BRAMBLE BRIAR.

Part I, 168. Professor H. M. Belden has made a full and valuable study of this ballad, entitled "Boccaccio, Hans Sachs, and *The Bramble Briar*" (Publications of the Modern Language Association, xxxiii [1918], 327-395). English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 38 (1 text, 4 airs); cf. Mackenzie, 153-154. One Hundred English Folksongs, No. 2; Journal of the Folk-Song Society, i, 160; v, 123 ff.

Miss Eddy gets this air from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

In Port-ly Town there lived a mer-chant Who had two sons and a
daugh-ter fair, And a pren-tice bound from a
far in-tend-er, Who ploughed the vic-tories all o-ver the main.

BUENA VISTA BATTLEFIELD.

Pound, 40. Miss Eddy's form, written down by a relative in 1856, corresponds closely to the text in Lomax, Cowboy Songs, 34. I print only the last two stanzas, which improve upon the words there given.

¹ [Harvard College has these two broadsides (25242.17, vii, 184; xii, 30); also one by J. O. Bebbington (25242.17, ix, 116.)]

6. "But, comrade, there is one I fain
 Once more would look upon,
 She lives upon the sloping hill
 That overlooks the lawn,
 The lawn where I shall nevermore,
 In springtime's pleasant hours,
 Go forth with her in merry mood,
 To gather wood and flowers.¹
7. "Tell her, when death was on my brow,
 And life receding fast,
 Her voice, her form, her parting words,
 Were with me to the last,
 On Buena Vista's bloody field,
 Tell her I dying lay,
 And that I knew she thought of me
 Some thousand miles away."

[This poem was written very soon after the battle which it commemorates (fought on Feb. 22 and 23, 1847), for it is printed in Albert G. Emerick's "Songs for the People," i, 112-116 (Philadelphia, 1848, cop. 1847). Emerick remarks: "We have cut the foregoing verses from a newspaper, and set them to music . . . The talented author, Colonel Henry Petriken, is wholly unknown to us personally" (p. 116). Miss Eddy's text agrees word for word with Emerick's in the two stanzas given above.]

THE BUTCHER'S BOY.

Part I, 169-170. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 101; compare also the close of No. 106. Cf. One Hundred English Folk-songs, No. 94; cf. *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*, v, 181-189; cf. *The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire*, 205-206.

Miss Eddy gets a text superior to that in Part I and the first air below from Mrs. M. M. Moores, and the second air from Miss Helen Chapel, both of Perrysville, O.

(a)

In Jer-sey City, where I did dwell, A butcher's boy I loved so

well; He courted me my heart a-way, And now with me he will not stay.

¹ Lomax has "wild-wood flowers."

(b)



[To the references for "The Butcher Boy" given in JAFI xxix, 169-170, may be added "The Genevieve de Brabant Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 18; "Delehanty & Hengler's Song and Dance Book" (New York, cop. 1874), p. 135; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 16 (No. 3); "Delaney's Song Book No. 18" (New York [1898]), p. 24; "Wehman Bros.' Good Old-Time Songs No. 3" (New York, cop. 1914), p. 72. In all, the text is almost identical, letter for letter, with that in the de Marsan broadside, and the same is true of Miss Eddy's copy. See also the Nova Scotia version in Mackenzie, pp. 9-10. A slip recently acquired by the Harvard College Library (no imprint) carries the date of the piece back to the eighteenth century ("The Cruel Father, or, Deceived Maid"). The broadside song "Sheffield Park" (Catnach; Jackson & Son, late Russell, Birmingham) resembles "The Butcher Boy."]

CALIFORNIA.¹

Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," has the following songs that concern gold-mining in California: p. 9, "The Days of Forty-Nine;" p. 15, "Joe Bowers;" p. 25, "The Miner's Song." See also, later, "The Dying Californian."

These words and the air come through Miss Eddy from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.



1. When formed our band, We are all well manned To jour-ney a - far to the



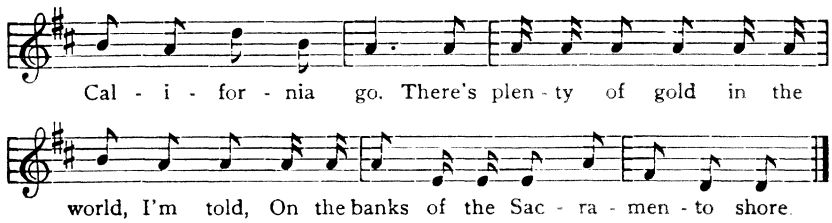
prom - ised land. The gold - en ore is rich in store On the

CHORUS.



banks of the Sac - ra - men - to shore. Then Ho, boys, ho! To

¹ [Part of this song has been used as a chanty. See "The Banks of the Sacramento" in Bullen and Arnold's Songs of Sea Labour (cop. 1914), p. 21. The tune is different.]



2. As oft we roam o'er the dark sea's foam,
We'll not forget kind friends at home,
But memory kind still brings to mind
The love of friends we left behind.

(Chorus.)

3. We'll expect our share of the coarsest fare,
And sometimes sleep in the open air,
On the cold damp ground we'll all sleep round [sound],
Except when the wolves go howling round.

(Chorus.)

4. As we explore to the distant shore,
Filling our pockets with the shining ore,
How it will sound as the shout goes round,
Filling our pockets with a dozen of pounds.

(Chorus.)

5. The gold is there almost anywhere,
We dig it out rich with an iron bar,
But where it is thick, with spade or pick
We take out chunks as big as a brick.

(Chorus.)

CAROLINE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

Pound, 18; Shearin, 11. Miss Eddy sends an Ohio text.

Lovely Caroline is courted by a hired man.

6. Enticed by young Henry,
She put on her other gown,
And away went young Caroline
Of Edinburgh town.

Later Caroline is deserted.

11. She gave three shrieks for Henry,
And plunged her body down,
And away went young Caroline
Of Edinburgh town.

[American printed copies occur in "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 175-177; also in the edition published by Turner & Fisher, Philadelphia, pp. 130-132; "The American Songster" (Philadelphia, W. A. Leary & Co., 1850), pp. 44-48; and in the reprint by Richard Marsh, New York, entitled "The Star Song Book," pp. 44-48; "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), iii, 44-48; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 319-321; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 519 (No. 69); "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 311-312; "Delaney's Scotch Song Book No. 1," p. 2; broadside, J. Andrews, New York, List 3, No. 69 (Brown University). Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in oral circulation in Michigan.

The following songs in the Andrews-de Marsan series of broadsides are to be sung to the tune of "Caroline of Edinburgh Town:" "Loss of the Arctic" (List 1, No. 79), "The Fate of a False Lover" (List 3, No. 25), "The Lily of the West" (List 3, No. 70), "Execution of James Kelly" (List 8, No. 23).

For English copies see the Harvard broadsides: Pitts, 25242.17, iv, 110 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne, No. 5); v, 152 (Catnach); x, 132 (J. Bebbington, Manchester, No. 389); xiii, 53 (Such, No. 359; also among the Child Broadside); John Harkness, Preston, No. 212. See also a chapbook, "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (Newcastle, W. & T. Fordyce), pp. 6-7. The New York Public Library has the piece in a broadside by Swindells, Manchester. There is a Dublin broadside (P. Bereton); and the song occurs in Irish chapbooks, — "Caroline of Edinburgh Town" (Waterford, W. Kelly, *ca.* 1828: 25276.3.5, iii, No. 93), "Oh, Erin! my Country" (same printer: 25276.3.5, ii, No. 59).

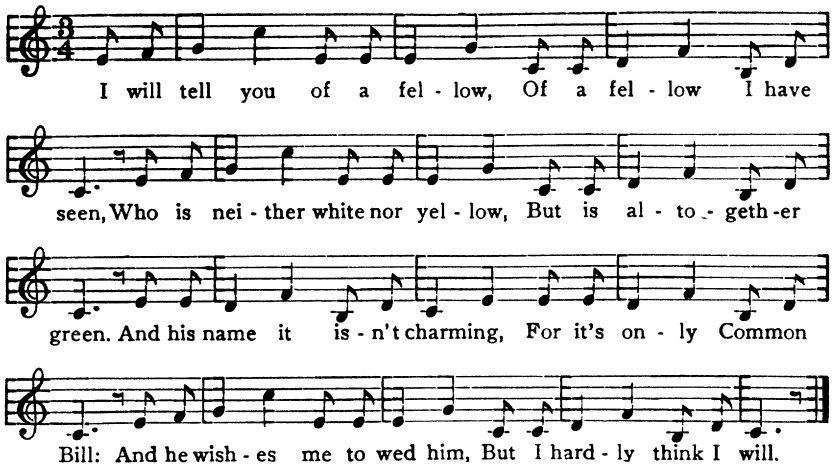
Another broadside ballad recounts the well-deserved "Fate of Young Henry in Answer to 'Caroline of Edinburgh Town'" (Pitts). He is twice shipwrecked, and the second disaster ends with his drowning. The piece closes thus:—

So Henry is dead and gone, and none his fate do mourn,
Some did rejoice with heart and voice to think he'd ne'er return,
So a warning take for your sweethearts' sake, you young men all around,
Think of Henry and Caroline of Edinboro' Town.

This answer occurs also in "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (cited above), pp. 8-9.]

COMMON BILL.

Part I, 171. Miss Eddy gets this air from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.



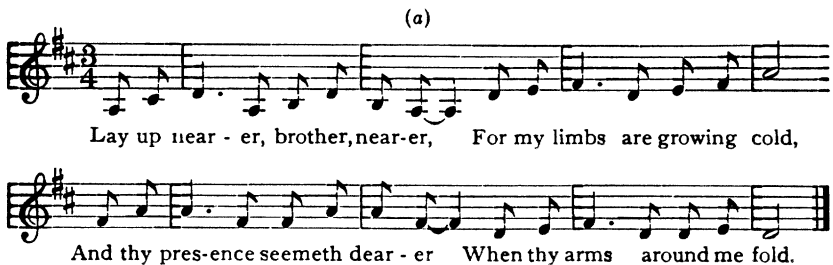
I will tell you of a fel - low, Of a fel - low I have
seen, Who is nei - ther white nor yel - low, But is al - to - geth - er
green. And his name it is - n't charming, For it's on - ly Common
Bill: And he wish - es me to wed him, But I hard - ly think I will.

["Hardly think I will" in "Rodey Maguire's Comic Variety Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), pp. 33-34 ("as sung by Rodey Maguire"), and "The Maiden's Resolution" in "Spaulding's Bell Ringers' Songster," pp. 16-17 ("as sung by Emma Bailey"), are versions of this piece. "I Hardly Think I Can" (mentioned in JAFL xxx, 171, note 1) may be found also in "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 187 (No. 28).]

THE DYING CALIFORNIAN.

I take this title from Miss Pound (JAFL xxvi, 359). She comments, "The model for this piece was evidently the 'I am dying, Egypt, dying,' of William Haines Lytle's well-known poem, 'Antony to Cleopatra.'" Miss Eddy obtained a text in nine stanzas, and the first air below, from Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O. A much longer text of fifteen stanzas and the second air came to her from Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, O. It was learned from his father, who lived in Columbiana County, Ohio. In this variant the dying man expects to be buried at sea.

(a)



Lay up near - er, brother, near - er, For my limbs are growing cold,
And thy pres - ence seemeth dear - er When thy arms around me fold.

Slowly and with feeling.

(b)

Lay up near - er, broth - er, near - er, For my limbs are grow - ing
cold, And thy pres - ence seemeth dear - er When thy arms a - round me
fold. I am dy - ing, broth - er, dy - ing. Soon you'll miss me in your
berth, For my form will soon be ly - ing 'Neath the o - cean's bri - ny surf.

[“The Dying Californian or The Brother’s Request — Ballad — Poetry from the *New England Diadem*¹ — Music by A. L. Lee” was published in Boston by Ditson in or about 1855 (the date of the copyright), and it is still in Ditson’s list. The words circulated widely in song-books and broadsides. See broadsides of J. Andrews (List 1, No. 26, New York),² Horace Partridge (No. 277, Boston), and Wehman (No. 540, New York); “Johnson’s New Comic Songs No. 2” (2d ed., San Francisco, 1863, cop. 1859, first issued 1860), pp. 35–36; “The American Song Book” (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1859), pp. 56–58; “The American Dime Song Book” (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 56–58; “Beadle’s Dime Song Book No. 1” (cop. 1860), p. 51; “The Shilling Song Book” (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1860), p. 64; “Irwin P. Beadle & Co.’s Ten Cent Song Book for the Million” (New York, cop. 1863), p. 57; “Geo. Munro’s Ten Cent Song Book for the Million” (New York, cop. 1863), p. 57; “The Love and Sentimental Songster” (New York, cop. 1862), pp. 45–46 (reprinted as Part II of “The Nightingale Songster” [New York, cop. 1863] and also as Part III of “The Encyclopædia of Popular Songs” [New York, cop. 1864]); “The American Song Book No. 2 for the People” (New York, cop. 1866), pp. 48–49; “We Parted by the River Side Songster” (New York, cop. 1869), p. 35; “Henry de Marsan’s New Comic and Sentimental Singers’ Journal,” i, 125 (No. 20); “Delaney’s Song Book No. 7” (New York [1894]), p. 23; “Wehman Bros.’ Good Old-Time Songs, No. 1” (New York, cop. 1910), pp. 107–108.]

¹ [I can find no other trace of any magazine or annual called *The New England Diadem*.]

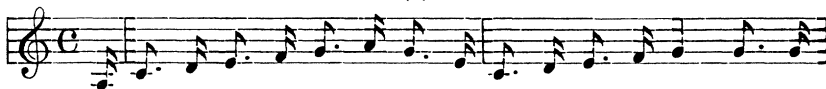
² [The tune of “Our Fifer-Boy” (de Marsan broadside, List 16, No. 69) is indicated as “Air: James Bird; or Dying Californian.”]

FATHER GRUMBLE.

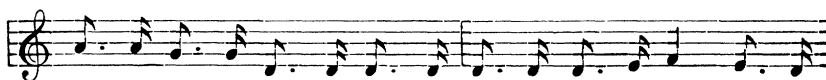
Part I, 173-177; a text and full information in JAFL xxvi, 364-366; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 112. "John Grumlie" is in Kennedy's Handbook of Scottish Song, London, 1866, 22 f.; Scots Minstrelsie, ii, 160; Songs of Scotland, 130.

The first air came to Miss Eddy from Mr. Henry Maurer, the second air from Miss Lucille Wilson, both of Perrysville, O.

(a)



Old Grum-ble he did say one day, And swore it should be true, true; That

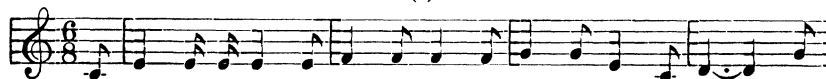


he would do the work in the house, And she should follow the plough, plough, That



he would do the work in the house, And she should follow the plough, plough.

(b)



There was an old man who had a mind, As you will plain-ly see; He



thought he could do more work in a day Than his wife could do in three.

THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

From Miss Eddy. Written by her father in an album with "Ashtabula, O., 1852," on the cover.

1. Down in the lowlands a poor boy did wander,
Down in the lowlands a poor boy roamed,
By his friends he was deserted, he looked so dejected,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home:
2. "Oh, where is my cot, oh, where is my father,
Alas they are gone, and has caused me to roam;
My mother died on the pillow, my father sank in the billow,"
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
3. "Bitter was the night, and loud roared the thunder,
The lightning did flash, and our ship was overthrown,
I clasped my master round O, I gained my native ground O,
Lost my father in the deep, far, far away from home.

4. "I waited on the beach, right 'round me roared the water,
I waited on the beach, but alas, no father came.
It's now I'm forced to range, exposed to every danger,"
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
5. A lady when she heard him, she opened her window,
And in the kindest manner desired him to come in;
Tears fell from her eyes as she heard his mournful cries,
Cries the poor little fisherman so far away from home.
6. She begged of her father to find him some employment,
She begged of her father no more to let him roam;
Her father said, "Don't grieve me, this boy shall never leave me,
Poor boy, I will relieve thee, so far away from home."
7. Many years he labored to serve his noble master,
Many years he labored, till he a man became;
It's now I'll tell each stranger the hardship and the danger
Of a poor little fisherman's boy far, far away from home.

[This song occurs as "The Poor Fisherman's Boy," or "The Fisherman's Boy," in the following Harvard broadsides: Pitts; Hill, Lambeth; 25242.17, iv, 36 (W. R. Walker, Newcastle-upon-Tyne); v, 151 (Catnach); xi, 4 (Such, No. 4); and also in a chapbook, "The Ballad Singers' Budget" (W. & T. Fordyce, Newcastle), pp. 9-10 ("The Fisherman's Boy:" 25276.43.5). For American texts see "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), ii, 197-198; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 94.]

THE FISHERMAN'S GIRL.

From Miss Eddy. Written by her father in an album with "Ashtabula, Ohio, 1852," on the cover.

1. It was down in the country a poor girl was weeping,
It was down in the country poor Mary Ann did mourn,
She belongs to this nation, "I've lost each dear relation,"
Cries a poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."
2. "Oh once I'd enjoyment, my friends they reared me tender,
I passed with my brother each happy night and morn,
But death has made a slaughter, poor father's in the water,"
Cried a poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."

3. "So fast falls the snow, I cannot find a shelter,
So fast falls the snow, I must hasten to the thorn,
For my covering is the bushes, my bed it is the rushes,"
Cried the poor little fisherman's girl,
"My friends are dead and gone."
4. It happened as she passed by a very noble cottage,
A gentleman he heard her, his heart for her did burn,
Crying, "Come in, poor lonely creature," he viewed each drooping feature
Of a poor little fisherman's girl,
Whose friends are dead and gone.
5. He took her to the fire, and when he'd warmed and fed her
The tears began to fall, he fell on her breast forlorn,
Crying, "Live with me forever, we part again, no, never,
You are my dearest sister,
Our friends are dead and gone."
6. So now she's got a home, she's living with her brother,
Now she's got a home, and the needy ne'er does scorn;
For God was her protector, likewise her kind conductor,
The poor little fisherman's girl,
When her friends were dead and gone.

[This song is found in Harvard broadsides: John Ross, Newcastle-on-Tyne; 25242.17, iii, 185 (Todd), and v, 189 (Rial & Co.). The Todd broadside has ridiculous corruptions, but the Rial text is almost exactly that of Professor Tolman. Both broadsides, however, have (as stanza 2) the following additional stanza (I follow Rial): —

"Oh, who has a soft heart to give me some shelter;
For the winds do blow, and dreadful is the storm
I have no father nor mother, but I've a tender brother,"
Cried a poor little Fisherman's girl, "my friends are dead and gone."

For American texts see "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, Richard Marsh, 1854), ii, 210–211; "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 160; "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 53–54. Of these, the second (Elton) lacks the stanza just quoted; the other two have it.]

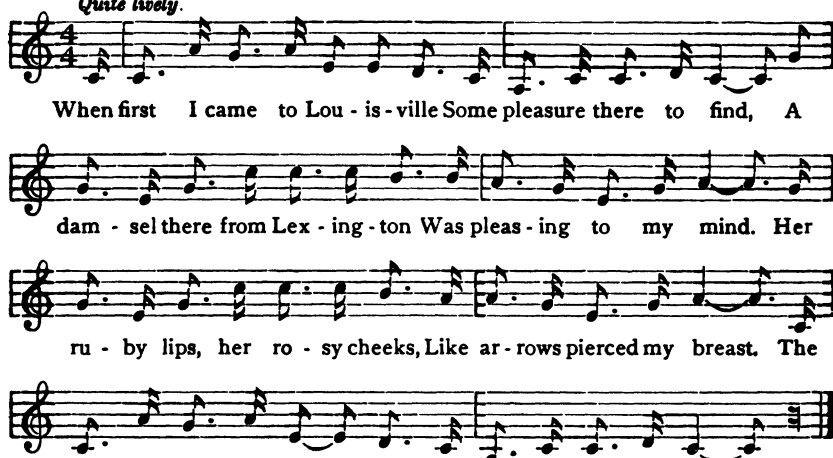
FLORA, THE LILY OF THE WEST.

The lover of Flora kills his rival. In Shearin's text, 16, Flora is also the "girl from Mexico," and the lover is in prison at the close.

"Songs of the West," No. 58, gives two airs. The editor arbitrarily cuts off the story at the end of my stanza 6. In the full English story, common in broadsides, the murderer escapes the gallows.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O. (10 stanzas).

Quite lively.



When first I came to Lou - is - ville Some pleasure there to find, A
dam - sel there from Lex - ing - ton Was pleas - ing to my mind. Her
ru - by lips, her ro - sy cheeks, Like ar - rows pierced my breast. The
name she bore was Flo - ra, the Li - ly of the West.

[For American texts ("The Lily of the West") see "The Dime Songster No. 3" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1859), p. 8; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 5" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 48; "Uncle Sam's Army Songster" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1862), p. 20; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 187 (No. 28); broadside, J. Andrews H. C. L. (also de Marsan, Brown University), New York, List 3, No. 70 ("Air. — Caroline of Edinburgh Town").¹ In all of these the girl is from Michigan, and her name is Mary. There are six double stanzas, the last being, —

Since then I've gain'd my liberty, I'll rove the country through,
I'll travel the city over, to find my loved one true;
Although she stole my liberty, and deprived me of my rest,
Still I love my Mary, the Lily of the West.

English broadside texts ("Flora, the Lily of the West") occur among the Harvard broadsides as follows: Taylor, 14 Waterloo Road; 25242. 17, i, 122 (Spencer, Bradford); ii, 180 (no imprint); iii, 65 (Forth, Pocklington); iv, 54 (John Gilbert, Newcastle-on-Tyne); v, 61 (no imprint, but apparently J. Cadman, Manchester, No. 139); v, 201 (Catnach); xi, 35 (Such, No. 35). The Harvard Library has also an Irish broadside. In all these the hero is released because of "a flaw in the indictment." They agree to a hair, each having seven stanzas, except Catnach and the Irish copy (six).]

¹ [Compare "Minnesota, the Lily of the West," in *The Fifth Avenue Songster* (Beadle's Dime Song Book Series, No. 22, cop. 1868), pp. 28-29.]

THE FLYING CLOUD.

Obtained by Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., from Mr. Frank Covell, at the time assistant keeper, Split Rock Light, Minn., and from Mr. Ole Fonsted, Beaver Bay, Minn. Mr. Covell learned his songs in the neighborhood of Fremont, Mich. In one reference Mr. Cooper gave Mr. Covell's residence as Beaver Bay, Minn.

1. My name is Edward Hallahan,¹
As you shall understand;
I belong in the county of Waterford,
In Erin's happy land.
When I was young and in my prime,
Kind fortune on me smiled;
My parents reared me tenderly,
I being their only child.
2. My father bound me to a trade
In Waterford's own town;
He bound me to a cooper there
By the name of William Brown.
I served my master faithfully
For eighteen months or more;
When I sailed on board the "Ocean Queen,"
Bound for Bermuda's shore.
3. When we arrived at Bermuda's shore,
I met with Captain Moore,
The commander of "The Flying Cloud"
Belonging to Trimore;
So kindly he requested me
Along with him to go
To the burning coast of Africa,
Where the sugar-cane doth grow.
4. We all agreed excepting five,
And these we had to land,
Two of them being Boston men,
And two from Newfoundland;
The other was an Irishman
Belonging to Trimore.
Oh, I wish to God I had joined those men,
And staid with them on shore!
5. "The Flying Cloud" was as fine a boat
As ever sailed the seas,
As ever hoisted a maintopsail
Before a lively breeze;

¹ [Mackenzie reports this ballad from Nova Scotia, and prints eight stanzas (pp. 151-153). His text begins, "My name is Robert Anderson."}]

I have ofttimes seen our galliant ship,
As the wind lay abaft her wheel,
With the royal and skysail set aloft,
Sail nineteen by the reel.

6. Oh, "The Flying Cloud" was a Spanish boat,
Of five hundred tons or more;
She would outsail any other ship
I ever saw before.
Her sails were like the drifting snow,
On them there was no stain;
And eighteen brass nine-pounder guns
She carried abaft her main.

7. We sailed away without delay,
Till we came to the African shore;
And eighteen hundred of those poor slaves
From their native isle [?] sailed o'er;
For we marched them all along our decks,
And stored them down below;
Scarce eighteen inches to a man
Was all they had to go.

8. The very next day we sailed away
With our cargo of slaves.
'Twould have been much better for those poor souls
Had they been in their graves;
For the plague and the fever came on board,
Swept half of them away.
We dragged the dead upon the decks,
And threw them in the sea.

9. We sailed away without delay,
Till we came to the Cuban shore;
We sold them to a planter there,
To be slaves forevermore;
The rice and coffee fields to hoe
Beneath the burning sun,
To lead a long and wretched life,
Till their career was run.

10. And when our money was all gone,
We put to sea again.
Then Captain Moore he came on deck,
And said to us his men,
"There's gold and silver to be had,
If with me you will remain;
We will hoist aloft a pirate's flag,
And we'll scour the raging main."

11. We robbed and plundered many a ship
 Down on the Spanish Main;
 And many's the widow and orphan child
 In sorrow must remain;
 For we made them to walk our gang-plank,
 And gave them a watery grave;
 For the saying of our master was,
 "A dead man tells no tales."

12. At length to Newgate we were brought,
 Bound down in iron chain,
 For robbing and plundering merchant ships
 Down on the Spanish Main.
 It was drinking and bad company
 That made this wretch of me.
 Now let young men a warning take,
 And a curse to piracy!

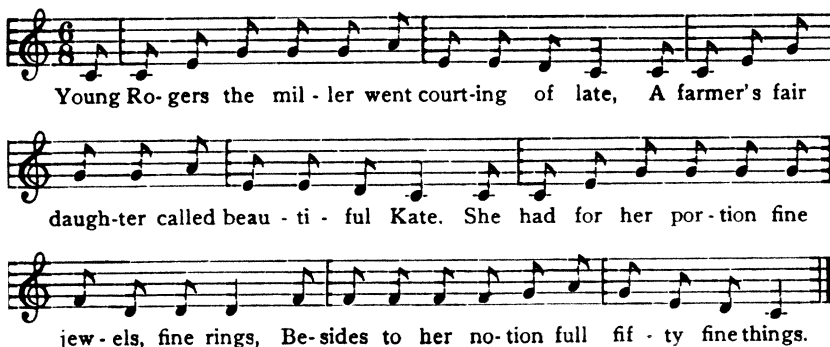
THE GRAY MARE.

American text: JAFL xii, 251. Barry, No. 71; Belden, No. 104; Pound, 57.

English texts: Songs of the West, No. 51; Traditional Tunes, 78-81.

Young Rogers will not marry Katie unless he is also given the gray mare. Later she ridicules him for "courting my father's gray mare."

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O.



Young Ro- gers the mil - ler went court-ing of late, A farmer's fair
 daugh-ter called beau - ti - ful Kate. She had for her por-tion fine
 jew - els, fine rings, Be-sides to her no-tion full fif - ty fine things.

[Harvard broadsides: 25242.17, ii, 152 ("Roger the Miller and the Grey Mare," Harkness, Preston, No. 564); iv, 179 ("Young Roger and the Grey Mare," Forth, Pocklington, No. 144); xii, 3 ("Grey Mare," Such, No. 156; also among the Child Broad-sides). See Greig, lxvii (1 stanza). The New York Public Library has the piece in a broadside issued by Swindells, Manchester ("Roger the Miller"). A text from Michigan (from Ireland) was sent to Child in 1881, and is in the Child MSS., xxiii, 76, 1a (846).]

THE GREEN BED.

American texts: JAFI xxv, 7; xxviii, 156; Belden, Herrig's "Archiv," cxx, 68-69; "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," No. 48; Mackenzie, 189-195 (2 texts). See Shearin, p. 14.

[For British copies in oral circulation, see Christie, i, 250-251 ("Young Johnnie's been a Cruising"); Greig, cxv ("The Brisk Young Sailor Lad"); "Songs of the West," No. 91 ("The Green Bed," rewritten¹); "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 48; iii, 281-282; v. 68 ("The Green Bed"). There is a Scottish copy, taken down in 1876-77, in the Murison MS., fols. 35-37 (Harvard College). The song is common in broadsides: Harvard College, 25242.17, ii, 46 ("Jack Tar, or The Green Bed Empty," George Walker, Jun., Durham, No. 91); vii, 10 ("Liverpool Landlady"); x, 155 ("Jack Tar; or, The Green Bed Empty," Bebbington, Manchester, No. 413). See also Ashton, "Real Sailor-Songs," 47 (2 texts).]

For "The Saucy Sailor," a common English song with a similar situation, see "English Folk-Songs," No. 32; "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 92; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," iv, 342-345 (9 airs); "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 45; "Songs of the West," No. 21.

["Saucy Sailor Boy" in broadsides: Harvard College, 25242.17, vii, 113 (Ryle & Co.); x, 96 (Bebbington, No. 350); xii, 105 (Such, No. 260); Such, No. 164 (also among the Child Broadbides). Somewhat similar is "Tarry Sailor" (25242.17, v. 63).]

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Jane Vanscoyoc, Perrysville, O.

1. Young Johnny's been to sea,
And young Johnny's been on shore;
Young Johnny's been to Ireland,
Where he has been before.
2. Saying, "I'll go and see young Polly
Before my voyage [I] take;"
He called upon her mother,
And unto her did say:
3. "Bring forth your daughter Polly,
And set her on my knee;
And we will drown melancholy;
And when I return again, married we will be."
4. And when he returned again,
As he had promised before,²
He called to see young Polly.²
Her mother met him at the door,

¹ [Reprinted in a sumptuously illustrated volume, *The Golden Vanity and The Green Bed . . . With Pictures* by Pamela Colman Smith (New York, 1899).]

² I have transposed these lines.

5. Saying, "What luck, what luck, young Johnny? "
 "On sea, oh, I lost my ship
 And cargo on the raging main.

6. "Where is your daughter Polly?
 Go bring"

7. "Oh, my daughter Polly's absent,
 And has been all the week.
 So now for your lodging,
 Young Johnny, you may seek."
8. By this time John pulled out
 Two handfuls of gold;
 The sight of the money
 Made the old woman new;
9. Saying, "You're welcome home on shore.
 I'll go bring my daughter Polly,
 And we'll drown melancholy,
 And married you shall be."
10. "Before I lie within your door,
 I'd lie within the street;

11. "I'd go to yonder tavern,
 And make the tavern hurl;
 A bottle of good brandy,
 And on my knee a girl."

THE GREEN FIELDS AND MEADOWS.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perrysville, O. The text is inferior to that in JAFL xx, 267.

The musical notation consists of three staves in 4/4 time. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written on a five-line staff. Below the first staff, the lyrics "Come now, my friends, come lend at - ten - tion To these few" are aligned with the notes. The second staff continues the melody, with lyrics "lincs I'm a-bout to write, It is as true as ever was" below it. The third staff concludes the melody, with lyrics "writ - ten Concern-ing a youth and ear - ly bride." below it. The notation includes various note values (quarter, eighth, and sixteenth notes) and rests, with hyphens indicating multi-measure rests.

Come now, my friends, come lend at - ten - tion To these few

lincs I'm a-bout to write, It is as true as ever was

writ - ten Concern-ing a youth and ear - ly bride.

HARRY BALE.

Fuller text in Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," 172.

Through Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, from Mr. Frank Covell. See under "The Flying Cloud."

1. 'Twas in the town of Arcady
In the county of Le Peer,
There stood a little shingle-mill,
Had run about one year.
2. 'Twas there this young man lost his life,
Caused many to weep and wail,
'Twas there this young man lost his life,
And his name was Harry Bale.
3. Harry was a sawyer,
Head sawyer in a mill,
He'd followed it successfully
Three years, three months, until
4. Death had called for him to go,
And leave this world of care.
We know not when 'twill be our time
Poor Harry's fate to share.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

Miss Eddy sends a text, six stanzas. This air is from Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, Columbus, O., learned from his father.

Slowly.

Let me go to my home that is far dis-tant
west, To the scenes of my youth that I like the
best, Where the tall ce-dars are, and the bright waters
flow, Where my par - ents will greet me, white man, let me go.

[The regular title of this song is "The Indian Hunter." By this name it occurs in "The Singer's Magazine and Universal Vocalist" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1835), i, 138-139; "The Bijou Min-

strel" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1840), p. 148; "Hadaway's Select Songster" (Philadelphia, 1840), pp. 198-199; "The Popular National Songster" (Philadelphia, John B. Perry, 1845), p. 277; "The Southern Warbler" (Charleston, S.C., 1845), pp. 32-33 ("Air. — Meeting of the Waters"); "The Virginia Warbler" (Richmond, 1845), pp. 32-33; "The Singer's Gem" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother), pp. 141-142; "The Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster" (Miscellaneous Songs, p. 128); "Home Sentimental Songster" (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 240-241; "The National Songster" (New York, Richard Marsh: a reprint of "The Popular National Songster"), p. 227; "The Rose-Bud Songster" (Richard Marsh), p. 227; "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), i, 227; ii, 227; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), p. 120; "The Jenny Lind Forget-Me-Not Songster" (New York, Richard Marsh), p. 280; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1860), p. 30; "Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time" (cop. 1863), p. 29; "We parted by the River Side Songster" (New York, De Witt, cop. 1869), p. 61; J. Andrews, broadside, List 3, No. 63; "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 111 (No. 18); "The New York 1 Ct. Ballad Sheet" (Lieder), i, 96 (No. 12); "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 7" (New York, 1891), p. 50 (with tune). Sometimes the song is entitled "The Indian's Prayer," — "The Indian's Prayer. Music composed by I. B. Woodbury" (Boston, E. H. Wade, cop. 1846: Harvard College); "The Home Melodist" (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1859), p. 5 (only 4 stanzas);¹ "The Shilling Song Book" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 57 (only 4 stanzas); "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), pp. 42-43 (4 stanzas).

"The Indian Hunter" is also the title of Eliza Cook's celebrated poem beginning "Oh, why does the white-man follow my path?"² It has often been printed in America: see "The Granite Songster" (Boston, 1847), pp. 11-12; Edward I. White, "The Boston Melodeon," ii (cop. 1852), 3; "Dempster's Original Ballad Soirees. Third Series" (Boston, 1854), p. 6 ("The Indian's Complaint"); "Elton's Songs and Melodies for the Multitude" (New York, T. W. Strong), p. 71; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 4" (cop. 1860), p. 50; "The People's Free and Easy Songster" (New York, William H. Murphy), p. 147; "Sam Slick Yankee Songster" (New York, cop. 1867), p. 72. Broadside: J. Andrews, New York, List 4, No. 19 (Brown University); J. Wrigley, New York, No. 384; A. W. Auner, Philadelphia. The poem was set to music by Henry Russell.³

¹ With I. B. Woodbury's music.

² [Melaia and Other Poems (authorized American edition), New York, 1844, pp. 343-344.]

³ ["The Indian Hunter . . . Written by Eliza Cook. The music composed . . . by

JACK MUNRO.

A young girl disguises herself as a sailor to serve with her lover. When he is badly wounded, she carries him to a doctor. Later she discloses herself, and they are married. A reconciliation with the girl's father concludes the fullest form of the story. — Barry, No. 33; Belden, No. 14; Shearin 9 ("Jackaro").

American texts: JAFL xii, 249; xx, 269-273 ("Jackaro"); see xxv, 9; Cowboy Songs, 204; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 55 (3 texts, 4 airs); Lonesome Tunes, i, 38; a shortened form from Nova Scotia is in Mackenzie, 135-137.

In the following broadside ballads a lady disguises herself in order to serve with (be near) a sailor (soldier) lover or husband:—

Roxburghe Ballads, ed. by Ebsworth, vii, 727-733, 737-739; viii, 146-148; viii, part ii, p. cxxxviii.* Compare also "The Merchant's Daughter of Bristow," in Child, edition of 1857-58; iv, 328, and in Roxburghe Ballads, ed. by Ebsworth, ii, 86 ff.

Miss Eddy sends an incomplete text of six stanzas, and a full one of thirty-three stanzas.

[For America see also "The American Sailor's Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 172-174; "The Washington Songster" (New York, Turner & Fisher), pp. 172-174; "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 21-23; Shearin, "Sewanee Review," July, 1911. For England, see "The Siren" (Newcastle, J. Marshall), pp. 5-7; broadside, Walker, Durham, No. 108 (Harvard College); cf. "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 227-228. Greig, xlv, has the piece.]

The first air was sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, by Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O.

No pauses.

(a)

There was a wealth-y mer-chant, In Eng-land he did dwell,

And he had a love-ly daugh-ter, The truth to you I'll

tell, An-te ī - ī Ān-te-an-te - ī - an-te - ī.

Henry Russell, Boston, C. H. Keith, 67 and 69 Court St." [1848-51]. Also "The Indian Hunter, A Song Written by Eliza Cook, the Music Composed . . . by Henry Russell. N. Y., Jas. L. Hewitt & Co." (Both in Harvard College Library.) This song was on the programme of the "Grand Farewell (and positively the last) Concert of the Hutchinson Family" at Manchester, England, June 13, 1846, p. 9.]

(b)

There was a wealth-y mer-chant, In Lon-don he did dwell, And he
 had an on-ly daugh-ter, And the truth to you I'll tell, And sing
 tra la la La la la le de la, Tra la la la lay, And sing
 tra la la La la la le de la, Tra la la la lay.

JACK WILLIAMS.

Recorded by Shearin, 10, as "Jack Wilson;" ¹ Pound, 34; Mackenzie, p. 143. Recited to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Mary Boney, Perrysville, O. Learned by her almost 60 years ago.

1. I am a boatman by my trade,
 Jack Williams is my name,
 And by a false deluded girl
 Was brought to guilt and shame.
2. In Catherine Street I did resort,
 When people did me know;
 I fell in love with a pretty girl,
 Which proved my overthrow.
3. I took to robbing night and day
 To maintain her fine and gay,
 And all I got I valued not,
 But gave to her straightway.
4. And next to Newgate I was brought,
 And bound down to irons strong,
 With rattling chains around my legs,
 And long to see them on.
5. I wrote a letter to my love,
 And some comfort to find,
 Instead of a friend to me,
 She proved to me unkind.

¹ [Compare Shearin, *Sewanee Review*, July, 1911.]

6. And in a scornful manner said,
 "I hate thievish company;
As you make your bed, young man,
 Down on it you must lie."
7. In these lonesome cells I lie,
 It's no more than I deserve;
It makes my very blood run cold
 To think how I've been served.
8. If I ever regain my sweet liberty,
 A solemn vow I make,
To shun all evil company
 For that false woman's sake.
9. With trials o'er, and sentence passed,
 Hung I was to be,
Which grieved my parents to the heart,
 To think of my misery.
10. But the heavens proved kind to me,
 As you shall plainly see;
I broke the chains to scale the walls,
 And gained my sweet liberty.

[The Harvard College Library has broadsides of "Jack Williams" printed by Pitts, Such (No. 25), and J. O. Bebbington (Manchester, No. 364).

For American texts see "The Pearl Songster" (New York, C. P. Huestis, 1846), pp. 156-157; "The American Songster" (Philadelphia, W. A. Leary & Co., 1850), pp. 74-76 (reprinted by Richard Marsh, New York, as "Star Song Book"); "Marsh's Selection, or, Singing for the Million" (New York, 1854), vol. 3, pp. 74-76; "New American Song Book and Letter Writer" (Louisville), pp. 109-110; "The Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 112-113; "The Washington Songster" (New York, Turner & Fisher), pp. 167-168; "The American Sailor's Songster" (New York, Philip J. Cozans), pp. 167-168; "The Popular Forget-Me-Not Songster" (Popular Songs, pp. 109-110); "Uncle Sam's Naval and Patriotic Songster" (New York, Cozans), pp. 54-55.]

JAMES BIRD.

Barry, No. 65; Belden, No. 51.

Miss Eddy sends two texts of this interesting American ballad. These agree well in language; but the one sung by Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O., is incomplete. Mr. Maurer's air is given below.

Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, Ohio State Librarian, has thoroughly investigated the history of this song, and has published the results of his inquiry. Miss Eddy sends the following references:—

"The Battle of Lake Erie in Ballad and History," by C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Archæological and Historical Publications, xx (1911), 415-456; see especially pp. 417-423. For the author of the song see "Mémoir of Charles Miner," by Charles F. Richardson and Elizabeth Miner Richardson, Wilkesbarre, 1916. The very letter spoken of in the song is printed in part on p. 72 of this memoir.¹ See also "The Ballad of James Bird," by C. B. Galbreath, Ohio Archæological and Historical Quarterly, January, 1917, xxvi, 52-57.

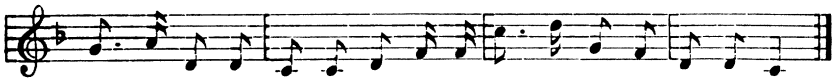
The letter of James Bird to his parents was dated Nov. 9, 1814. Mr. Charles Miner (1780-1865), the author of the ballad, printed it in his own paper, "The Gleaner," Wilkesbarre, Penn., late in 1814. The ballad gives the facts of Bird's career accurately and with considerable fulness. Has this country produced any historical ballad that has passed into tradition, which is more interesting than this?

The text here printed was copied from a manuscript owned by Mrs. Letitia Coe, Perrysville, O., written by her sister Mary Tannehill about 1855. It reproduces the original poem of Mr. Miner with substantial accuracy, stanza for stanza. Some of the changes from the words of the author seem to me improvements. The following lines of the original have been noticeably departed from in this variant:—

- 12, 2. Here will Bird his cutlass ply.
18, 4. But for him would heave a sigh?
19, 1. Lo! he fought so brave at Erie,



1. Sons of free-dom, lis - ten to me, And ye daughters too, give ear;



You a sad and mournful story As e'er was told you soon shall hear.

2. Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the West;
Then our forces quick assembled
The invaders to resist.
3. Among the troops that marched to Erie
Were the Kingston volunteers,
Captain Thomas then commanded,
To protect our west frontiers.

¹ [Reprinted from Proceedings and Collections of the Wyoming Historical and Geological Society, xiv, 55 ff. (Wilkes-Barre, 1915): see especially pp. 117-126.]

4. Tender were the scenes of parting,
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their love in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.
5. There was one among that number
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his step, his look undaunted,
Scarce a nobler youth was seen.
6. One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Craved his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hand and left him,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.
7. Mary tried to say, "Farewell, James,"
Waved her hands, but nothing spoke.
"Farewell, Bird, may heaven protect you,"
From the rest a parting broke.
8. Soon he came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.
9. Where is Bird? The battle rages;
Is he in the strife, or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous,
Dare he nobly meet the foe?
10. Ah, behold him, see him, Perry!
On the selfsame ship they fight;
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.
11. But behold, a ball has struck him,
See the crimson current flow.
"Leave the deck!" exclaimed brave Perry;
"No," said Bird, "I will not go.
12. "Here on deck I'll take my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly,
I'll stand by you, gallant captain,
Till we conquer or we die."
13. So he fought, though faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose,
Victory having crowned our effort,
All triumphant o'er our foes.

14. And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No, nor ever to his bosom
Clasped the maid his heart adored.
15. But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore,
Better if poor Bird had perished
Midst the cannons' awful roar.
16. "Dearest parents," said the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.
17. "I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brother, sister,
'Tis the last you'll have from me."
18. Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where's the heart not dead to pity
But from him we'll heave a sigh?
19. Though he fought so brave at Erie,
Nobly bled, and nobly dared,
Let his courage plead for mercy,
Let his precious life be spared.
20. See him march and bear his fetters,
Harsh they clang upon the ear;
Yet his step is firm and manly,
For his breast ne'er harbored fear.
21. See him kneel upon his coffin;
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! Hark, O God, they've shot him!
See! his bosom streams with blood.
22. Farewell Bird, farewell forever!
Friends and home you'll see no more;
For your mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

["James Bird" has been many times printed, — in a Philadelphia chapbook of about 1820 ("Sold by R. Swift:" Harvard College Library, 25276.43.81), for instance, and in the following collections,

amongst others: William McCarty's "Songs, Odes, and other Poems, on National Subjects" (Philadelphia, 1842), Part II, pp. 254-256 ("Mournful Tragedy of James Bird. *Tune — The Tempest*"); Forget Me Not Songster" (New York, Nafis & Cornish), pp. 97-99; "The Boquet Melodist" (New York, Wm. H. Murphy), pp. 225-227; "Beadle's Dime Songs of the Olden Time" (New York, 1863), pp. 10 ff.; "Delaney's Song Book No. 16" (New York [1897]), p. 25. See also "The Boston Transcript," Dec. 4, 1909. Dr. B. L. Jones has found the song in Michigan.

"The Tempest," to which the piece was sung,¹ is the well-known "Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer," by George Alexander Stevens,² familiar to our fathers and grandfathers not only as a song,³ but as the tune of an elaborate country-dance.]

JAMES WHALEN.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper by Mr. Frank Covell. See under "The Flying Cloud."

1. Come all you tender Christians,
I pray that you draw near;
'Tis of the terrible accident
I mean to have you hear.
2. 'Tis of a young and comely youth,
James Whalen he was called,
Was drowned from Le Claron's raft,
All on the upper falls.

¹ [The tune of "Our Fifer-Boy" (de Marsan broadside, List 16, No. 69) is indicated as, "Air: James Bird; or Dying Californian."]

² [The Choice Spirit's Chaplet, edited by G. A. Stevens (London, 1771), pp. 198-200. Cf. "The Marine Medley," in Songs, Comic, and Satyrical, by G. A. Stevens, 1772, pp. 20-24 (2d ed., 1782, pp. 20-24; Philadelphia ed., 1778, Songs, Comic, Satyrical, and Sentimental, pp. 20-24). See also The Busy Bee (London [17-]), ii, 113-116; The Muses Delight (Liverpool, 1754), p. 291; The Convivial Songster (London [17-]), pp. 320-322 (with tune); The Vocal Magazine or Compleat British Songster (London, 1781), p. 345; The Musical Miscellany (Perth, 1786), pp. 109-111 (with tune); Calliope or The Musical Miscellany (London, 1788), pp. 30-32 (with tune); Ritson, English Songs, 1783, ii, 127-129 (2d ed., by Park, 1813, ii, 144-146); Chappell, A Collection of National English Airs, 1840, i, 35-36, ii, 5 (with tune); The Social Vocalist, ed. by Charles Sloman (London, 1842), pp. 530-532; Fairburn's Everlasting Songster, pp. 48-49; Helen K. Johnson, Our Familiar Songs, pp. 120-122 (with tune); Christopher Stone, Sea Songs and Ballads, pp. 18-20.]

³ [Under the title of "The Tempest" or "The Storm." See, for example, The Boston Musical Miscellany, 1811, pp. 142-145 (with tune); The American National Song Book (Boston, cop. 1842), pp. 26-27 (incomplete, with tune); The Southern Warbler (Charleston, 1845), pp. 58-60; The Songster's Museum (Albany, 1822), pp. 5-7; The Universal Songster (New York, 1829), pp. 11-13; The American Minstrel (Philadelphia, 1834), p. 44; Kenedy's American Songster (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 157-160; The Nonpareil (Baltimore, 1836), pp. 5-7; Home Sentimental Songster (New York, T. W. Strong), pp. 143-145.]

3. The water being in its raging course,
The river booming high,
When the foreman unto Whalen says:
"The jam you'll have to try.
4. "You're young and noble active;
Though death is lurking near,
You are the man to lend a hand
The waters for to clear."
5. Then up spoke young Whalen
Unto his comrades bold:
"Come on; altho' 'tis dangerous,
We'll do as we are told.
6. "We'll obey our orders bravely,
As noble men should do."
And as he spoke, the jam it broke,
And let young Whalen through.
7. There were three of them in danger,
But two of them were saved,
But noble-hearted Whalen,
He met a watery grave.
8. One tender cry for mercy,
"O God, look down on me!"
And his soul was gone from earthly bourne,
Gone to Eternity.
9. For no human form could live upon
That foaming watery main;
Altho' he struggled hard for life,
His struggles were in vain.
10. The foaming waters tore and tossed
The logs from shore to shore,
And here and there his body lies
A-tumbling o'er and o'er.
11. Come all you jolly river boys,
And listen to Jimmie's fate.
Be cautious and take warning
Before it is too late.
12. For death is lurking near you,
Still seeking to destroy
The pride of many a mother's heart,
And many a father's joy.

JOHNNIE SANDS.

Part I, 178. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 45, corresponds to "The Old Woman of Slapsadam," Part I, 179. Miss Eddy sends a text of "Johnnie Sands."

["Johnny Sands Comic Ballad Composed by John Sinclair" was published by Ditson at Boston (cop. 1842). Sinclair is thus made responsible for the tune, not the words. Evidence of the popularity of this song may be seen from its inclusion in the following song-books, in addition to those cited in Part I: "The Dime Songster No. 3" (Indianapolis, C. O. Perrine, cop. 1859), p. 17; "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 6" (New York, cop. 1860), p. 10; "American Dime Song Book No. 2" (Philadelphia, Fisher & Brother, cop. 1860), pp. 33-34; "Billy Birch's Ethiopian Melodist" (New York, cop. 1862), pp. 26-27; "The Lotta Firefly Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 24; "The Annie Hindle Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), pp. 21-22; "I Really Think She Did Songster" (New York, Hilton & Syme), p. 8 ("as sung by Charles E. Harris"); "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," Vol. I, No. 4, p. 31; Frank B. Ogilvie, "Two Hundred Old-Time Songs" (New York, cop. 1896), No. 124, pp. 114-115 (with tune credited to "Sinclair"). It may also be found in "The Book of Modern Songs," ed. by J. E. Carpenter (London, 1858), pp. 31-32; and "British Minstrelsie" (Edinburgh [1899], Part IV, pp. 22-24 (with "J. Sinclair's" music).]

KATIE MOREY.

English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 62 (2 texts and airs). This song has some resemblance to No. 112 in Child, "The Baffled Knight." Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Betty Mace, Perryville, O.

I. Come, { all ye young and fool - ish lads, Come lis - ten
do ri id - dle, Sing do ri aye, Sing do ri

to my sto - ry; I'll tell you how I fixed a
id - dle o dan - dy, I'll tell, etc.,

plan To fool Miss Ka - tie Mor - ey. Sing Mor - ey.

2. I told her that my sister Sue
Was in yon lofty tower,
And wanted her to come that way
And spend one happy hour.
(*Refrain.*)
3. But when I got her to the spot,
Saying, "Nothing is the matter,
But you must die or else comply,
There is no time to flatter."
(*Refrain.*)
4. She squeezed my hand and seemed quite pleased,
Saying, "There is no fear, sir,
But father he is coming this way,
And he will see us here, sir."
(*Refrain.*)
5. "If you'll but go and climb that tree,
Till he does pass this way, sir,
Then we will gather grapes and plums,
And we will sport and play, sir."
(*Refrain.*)
6. I went straightway and clumb the tree,
Not being the least offended,
My true-love came and stood beneath,
To see how I ascended.
(*Refrain.*)
7. But when she got me to the top,
She looked up with a smile, sir,
Saying, "You may gather your grapes and plums,
And I'll run quickly home, sir."
(*Refrain.*)
8. I straightway did descend the tree,
A-coming with a bound, sir;
My true-love got quite out of sight
Before I reached the ground, sir.
(*Refrain.*)
9. But when my thoughts I did relent,
To see what I'd intended,
I straightway made a wife of her,
Then all my troubles were ended.
(*Refrain.*)

[“Katy Mory” in fifteen stanzas, the last two quite free in their nature, occurs in an American broadside of about 1830 (no imprint): “Katy Mory, and Poll and Mistress” (Harvard College). Stanza 8 of Tolman’s text is not in the broadside; stanzas 2, 4, 9, 11, 12, 14, 15, of the broadside, are not in Tolman.]

THE LAKES OF PONTCHARTRAIN.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., by Mr. M. Peak, Hurtsville, Io.

1. O'er swamps and alligators
 I'm on my weary way;
O'er railroad ties and crossings
 My weary feet did stray;
Until at close of evening,
 Some higher ground I gained.
'Twas there I met with a Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
2. “Good-eve to you, kind maiden!
 My money does me no good.
If it were not for the alligators,
 I'd stay out in the wood.”
“Oh, welcome, welcome, stranger!
 Altho' our house is plain,
We never turn a stranger out
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.”
3. She took me to her father's house;
 She treated me quite well.
Her hair in flowing ringlets
 About her shoulders fell.
I tried to paint her beauty,
 But I found it was in vain;
So beautiful was the Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
4. I asked her if she would marry me;
 She said that could never be;
She said she had a lover,
 And he was far at sea.
She said she had a lover,
 And true she would remain,
Till he came back to her again
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.
5. Adieu, adieu, fair maiden!
 I never shall see you more.
I'll ne'er forget your kindness,
 In the cottage by the shore.

At home in social circles
 Our flaming bowls we'll drain,
 And drink to the health of the Creole girl
 On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

THE LITTLE FAMILY.

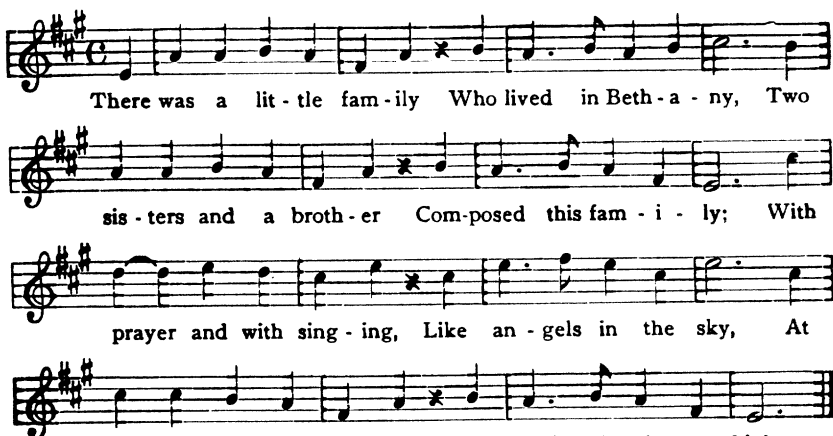
Part I, 182. Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O., corrects stanzas 4 and 6 as there given, making them read, —

4.

 Their brother grew afflicted
 And rudely thrown abed.

6. The Jews came to the sisters,
 Put Lazreth in the tomb,

The following is Miss Goon's air: —



There was a lit - tle fam - ily Who lived in Beth - a - ny, Two
 sis - ters and a broth - er Com - posed this fam - i - ly; With
 prayer and with sing - ing, Like an - gels in the sky, At
 morn - ing and at even - ing, They raised their voi - ces high.

THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Part I, 184; JAFL xxx, 334-335; Sturgis and Hughes, *Songs from the Hills of Vermont* (Boston [1919]), 22-25 (with tune).

The text of Professor Kittredge (JAFL xxvi, 176) differs decidedly from others; it ends with the young lover dying in "New Bedlam." Like the text in Part I, but shorter, is that in JAFL xxviii, 147. "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 57" (2 texts, 5 airs). An air, with less than a stanza of the words, is in "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 81.

Miss Eddy obtained a text and air from Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. The air follows.



Once I court-ed a fair beau-ty bride, I court-ed her by day,
And I court-ed her by night, I court-ed her for love, And her
love I did ob-tain, Therefore I have no rea-son at all to complain.

LUMBERMEN'S SONGS.

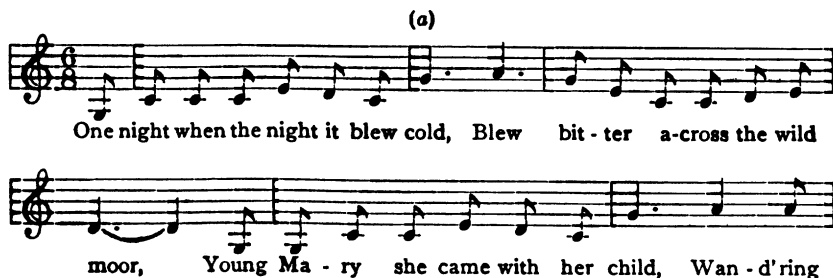
The songs of the lumbermen, known as "lumber-jacks" or "shanty boys," make an interesting group. This collection has the following song-ballads of this class: "Harry Bale," "James Whalen," "The Mossback Son and the Shanty Boy," "The Shanty Boy's Alphabet." The following have already appeared in this Journal: "The Big Eau Clair" (xxii, 259), "Shanty Teamsters' Marseillaise" (xxvi, 187), "Silver Jack" (xxviii, 9). Lomax, "Cowboy Songs," has "Harry Bale" (p. 172, a much fuller text than here), "Foreman Monroe" (p. 174), "The Shanty Boy" (p. 252).

MARY OF THE WILD MOOR.

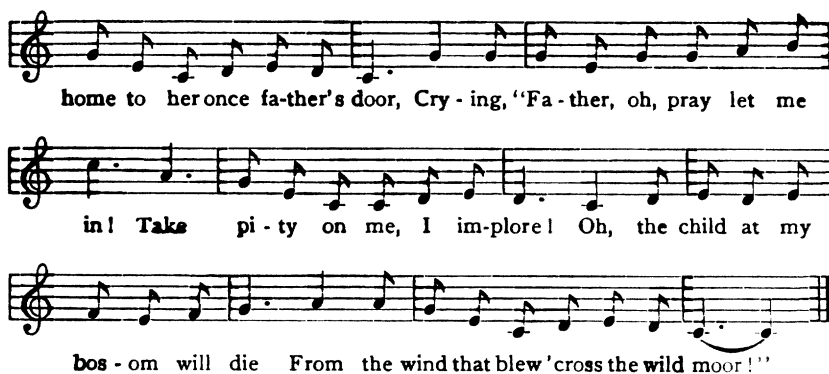
Part I, 185. Miss Eddy sends a text of 32 lines and 2 airs, the latter from Mrs. M. M. Moores and Miss Helen Chapel, Perrysville, O.

[Additional American references are: "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 2" (cop. 1860), p. 28; "The Thomas M. Hengler New Sensation Songster" (New York), p. 41; "Wehman's Song Book No. 3" (New York, cop. 1891), p. 17; "Franklin Square Song Collection, No. 7" (New York, 1891), p. 98; Sturgis and Hughes, "Songs from the Hills of Vermont" (Boston [1919]), pp. 36-39 (with tune). "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 7 (No. 1); "Delaney's Song Book No. 2" (New York [1893]), p. 8; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song-Book No. 3" (cop. 1909), p. 49; broad-side of J. H. Johnson, Philadelphia.]

(a)



One night when the night it blew cold, Blew bit-ter a-cross the wild
moor, Young Ma-ry she came with her child, Wan-d'ring



home to her once fa-ther's door, Cry - ing, "Fa - ther, oh, pray let me
in! Take pi - ty on me, I im-plore! Oh, the child at my
bos - om will die From the wind that blew 'cross the wild moor!"

(b)



THE MILLER AND HIS SONS.

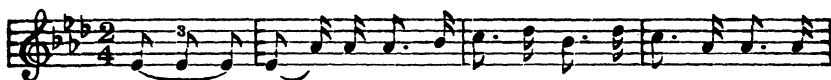
Newell, Games and Songs of American Children (2d ed., 1903, New York), No. 41; Modern Language Notes, xxviii (November, 1913), 215 f. Belden, No. 100; Shearin, 20 (Shearin's summary ends, "But his wife assumes direction at his death"); Dixon, 204 ("Ancient Poems," etc.); Bell, 414 ("Early Ballads," etc.); Songs of Northern England, 58; Songs of the West, No. 12 (the miller asks each son "what toll" he will take); Ballads and Songs of Lancashire has a dialect version, "The Lancashire Miller."

Miss Eddy obtains the words, except the final stanza, from Mrs. M. M. Moores; the final stanza and the air, from Mrs. Moores' brother, Mr. Henry Maurer; both of Perrysville, O.

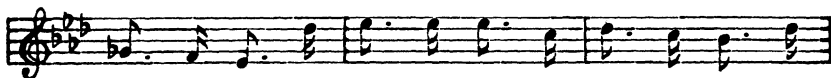
[This is a somewhat disordered version of the famous broadside ballad "The Miller's Advice to his Three Sons, On taking of Toll:" Roxburghe collection, iii, 681 (white letter, early eighteenth century, Ebsworth, "Roxburghe Ballads," vol. viii, part ii, pp. 611-612)

Douce, iv, 44. Harvard College has two copies of a similar eighteenth-century broadside, one of which belonged to Percy. Greig, xli, gives the piece.

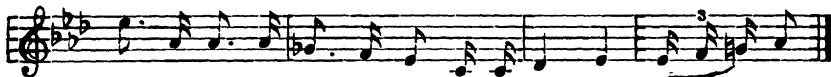
Four stanzas from American tradition are quoted by Ceclia Thaxter, "Among the Isles of Shoals" (Boston, 1901), p. 81; cf. Miss Harper, "Modern Language Notes," xxviii, 215-216 (November, 1913). Dr. Alma Blount has sent in a text from the State of New York. F. C. Brown, p. 10, reports the piece from North Carolina; B. L. Jones, from Michigan. Newell prints a good text under the title of "The Miller of Gosport" ("Games and Songs of American Children," 1884, pp. 103-104).]



1. The mil-ler called up-on his eld-est son, "O son! my race is



al-most run, And if to thee the mill I give, Pray,



tell to me what all you'll have, With a foll loll lol-li doll day."

2. "Why, father, you know my name it is Ralph,
Out of every bushel I'll steal one half,
Out of every bushel that I do grind,
For that's the best living that I can find,
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
3. "O son, O son! if this you do,
You will not do as I have done.
To you the mill I cannot give,
For by those means no man can live.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
4. He called upon his second son:
"O son! my race is almost run;
And if to you the mill I give,
Pray, tell to me what all you'll have.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
5. "Why, father, you know my name it is Dick,
Out of every bushel I will steal one peck,
Out of every bushel that I do grind,
For that's the best thing that I can find.
With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."

6. He called upon his youngest son:
 "O son! my race is almost run;
 And if to thee the mill I give,
 Pray, tell to me what all you'll have.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
7. "Why, father, you know I'm your darling boy,
 In stealing corn is all my joy.
 I'll steal all the corn, and swear to the sack,
 And whip the mill-boy when he comes back.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day."
8. "O son, O son! if this you do,
 'Tis you will do as I have done,
 The mill is thine," the old man cried,
 And shut his d — old eyes and died.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day.
9. But now he is dead and in his grave,
 The greedy worms his body do crave;
 But where he is gone I cannot tell,
 But I rather suppose it is down to hell.
 With a foll, loll, lolli doll day.

MR. FROG WENT A-COURTING.

JAFL xxvi, 134 f. (with references); English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 119; Barry, No. 76; Pound, p. 76. Journal of the Folk-Song Society, ii, 226 (with references). Compare the Folk-Lore of Herefordshire, 209 f.

Miss Eddy gets the following words from Mrs. L. A. Lind, Canton, O.

(Version a.)

1. Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride, e-ha!
 Mr. Frog went a-courting, he did ride,
 A sword and pistol by his side, e-ha!
2. He rode up to Miss Mousie's door, e-ha!
 He gave three raps and a very loud roar, e-ha!
3. He sat down and he took her on his knee, e-ha!
 Said he, "Miss Mousie, will you marry me, e-ha?"
4. Says she, "I cannot answer that, e-ha!
 Till I see my Uncle Rat, e-ha!"
5. "Uncle Rat's in London town, e-ha!
 And I don't know when he'll come down, e-ha!"

6. Uncle Rat came riding home, e-ha!
"And who's been here since I've been gone, e-ha? "
7. "A very wealthy gentleman, e-ha!
Who says he'll marry if he can, e-ha! "
8. Uncle Rat he grinned and smiled, e-ha!
To think his niece should be a bride, e-ha!
9. "Who shall the wedding guests be, e-ha? "
"A little busy bug and a bumble-bee, e-ha! "
10. "And where shall the wedding supper be, e-ha? "
"Down in the valley in a hollow tree, e-ha! "
11. "What shall the wedding supper be, e-ha? "
"A slice of bread and a cup of tea, e-ha! "
12. The first came in was Major Dick, e-ha!
He ate so much it made him sick, e-ha!
13. The next came in was the bumble-bee, he ho!
He tuned his fiddle in his knee, e-ha!
14. The next came in was the old dun cow, e-ha!
She wanted to dance, but didn't know how.
15. The next came in was Colonel Bed-Bug, hi ho!
He had whiskey in a jug, e-ha!
16. The old song-book lies on the shelf, hi ho!
If you want any more, sing it yourself.

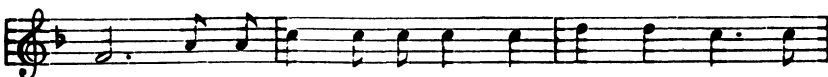
(Version b.)

Sent by Miss Eddy. Sung by Miss Lucille Wilson, Perrysville,
O. Learned from the singing of her father. His home was in western
Pennsylvania.

Rather lively.



1. Mis-ter Frog went a-court-ing, he did ride, A-ha, a-



ha! Mis-ter frog went a-court-ing, he did ride, A



sword and pis-tol by his side, A-ha, a-ha!

2. He rode till he came to the little Mouse's house,
And he chased little Mouse all 'round the house.
3. He took little Mouse upon his knee,
And said, "Little Mouse, will you marry me?"
4. "I can't consent to a thing like that
Until I see my Uncle Rat."
5. Old Uncle Rat came riding home,
"And who's been here since I've been gone?"
6. "A very nice young man indeed,
Who smokes and puffs and chews the weed."
7. "And where shall the wedding supper be?"
"Down in the meadow by the big oak-tree."
8. "And what shall we have for the wedding supper?"
"Three green peas fried in butter."
9. The mouse went swimming in the lake,
And there she was caught by a big black snake.
10. The frog went a-swimming in the brook,
And there he was caught by a big fish-hook.

[The oldest record of "The Frog and the Mouse" is the mention of "The frog cam to the myl dur" in "The Complaint of Scotland" (1549, ed. Murray), p. 64, if, indeed, that song was really a version of our ditty.¹ On Nov. 21, 1580, a "ballad" entitled "A moste Strange Weddinge of the ffrogge and the mowse" was entered to Edward White in the Stationers' Register (Collier, ii, 132; Arber, ii, 382).²

The oldest extant version, "The Marriage of the Frogge and the Mouse," is printed in [Ravenscroft's] "Melismata," 1611 (with tune): reprinted in "Selections from the Works of Thomas Ravenscroft" (Roxburghe Club [1822, Part II], p. 16, with tune); and by Rimbault, "Notes and Queries," 1st series, iii, 51; Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," 1851, pp. 87-88; Chappell, "Popular Music of the Olden Time" (1855), i, 88 (with tune); Bullen, "Lyrics from

¹ [In commenting on the songs cited in *The Complaint*, Pinkerton remarks: "I am told that No. 17 ('The frog cam to the myl dur') used lately to be sung on the stage in Edinburgh, and contains a mock courtship between a frog and a mouse, of some satirical merit" (*Select Scottish Ballads*, 1783, ii, p. xxxii); but this is not very satisfactory evidence for identification.]

² [Duly noted by Warton in 1781 (*History of English Poetry*, iii, 445).]

the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," 1887, pp. 60-61; Dearmer and Shaw, "Song Time," p. 19 (with tune); Walter Crane, "The Baby's Opera," pp. 24-25 (slightly altered and with the "Rowley" burden); Vincent Jackson, "English Melodies," 1910, p. 32 (in part, with tune). From the "Melismata" comes, obviously, the text from a "MS. dated 1630" printed by Robert Chambers, "Popular Ryhmes of Scotland" (new edition [1870]), pp. 56-57.

There is a group of Scottish texts from oral tradition — at least five in number — which are closely related to the song in "Melismata," but are associated with one another by special features: (1) Robert Pitcairn's Ballad MSS.,¹ ii (1817-22), 115-116 (Harvard College MS. copy, 25241.27), printed in Maidment, "Scottish Ballads and Songs," 1859, pp. 153-156; (2) the same, ii, 119-121 (Harvard College MS. copy, as above), printed in Maidment, pp. 157-158; (3) [Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe] "A Ballad Book" (privately printed, 30 copies [1823]; new ed., by David Laing, 1880), No. 30, pp. 86-88; reprinted from C. K. Sharpe by Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," 1851, pp. 89-91; by Aytoun, "The Ballads of Scotland," 1858, ii, 94-95 (2d ed., 1859, ii, 97-98); by Robert Chambers, "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," new ed. [1870], pp. 55-56; by Bullen, "Lyrics from the Song-Books of the Elizabethan Age," 1887, pp. 186-187; and by Edith Emerson Forbes, "Favourite of a Nursery" (Boston, 1917),² pp. 158-159; (4) Kinloch MSS. (1827 and after),³ Harvard College Library, iii, 11-15; (5) Macmath MS.,⁴ pp. 21-23 (Harvard College MS. copy, fols. 16-17; also in Child MSS., i, 159-163); (6) fragment, with tune, "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 226. All of these except No. 4 have a "Cuddy alone" burden (with some variation) which is akin to the "Kitty alone" burden in Ritson (see below); the burden of No. 4 has some resemblance to that in "Melismata."

An English traditional version, related to the song in "Melismata," is printed in [Ritson's] "Gammer Gurton's Garland," 1810, pp. 1-2;⁵ thence (but without the reference) by Halliwell, "The Nursery Rhymes of England" (Percy Society, 1842), No. 93, pp. 70-72 (2d ed., No. 118, pp. 87-89; 5th and 6th eds., No. 173, pp. 110-112); and from Halliwell in Mrs. Valentine, "Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles" (Camden ed., No. 197), pp. 119-121. This Ritson text is not quite complete, as one may see by comparing it with "Melismata," on the one hand, and, on the other, with the texts (belonging to this same tradi-

¹ [See Macmath, *The Bibliography of Scottish Ballads in Manuscript* (Edinburgh Bibliographical Society), p. 8; Child, v, 398.]

² [Erroneously credited to Percy's *Reliques*.]

³ [See Macmath, *l.c.*, p. 9; Child, v, 398.]

⁴ See Macmath, p. 11; Child, v, 399.]

⁵ [Compare Ritson, *Scottish Songs*, 1794, i, p. xli.]

tional version) furnished by Rimbault, "A Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," pp. 26-27 (with tune), and Miss Mason, "Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs," pp. 8-9 (with two tunes, and burdens different from each other). A still longer text, belonging, to all appearances, to this group, is that suppressed (but for one stanza and the burden) by Baring-Gould and Sheppard (who print a tune), "A Garland of Country Song," No. 13, pp. 30-31. Here belong also the fragmentary text (from an Irish nurse) in Mrs. Leather, "The Folk-Lore of Herefordshire," 1912, p. 210,¹ and a two-stanza fragment (with the "Kitty alone" burden) from Missouri in Belden's MS. collection; as well as (apparently) a copy written down for me in 1894 by Hon. Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter, N.H. Mr. Gordon could recollect but six stanzas, corresponding to stanzas 1-5 of the Ritson-Halliwel version; his fourth stanza is wanting in that text, but is an integral part of the song, being a good representative of a stanza in "Melismata." I subjoin his fourth stanza, with the burden or chorus:—

Said he, "Madam Mouse, are you within?"

Rigdum botto-metty kimo

"Oh, yes! kind sir, I sit and spin."

Rigdum botto-metty kimo

Kimo karro diltto darro

Kimo

Strim stram pother-riddle

Luther bonner rigdum

*Rigdum botto-metty kimo.*²

At about the same time I obtained one stanza from Miss Frances Perry of Exeter, N.H., with a variant of the same burden. Another copy with the same burden is printed by Sturgis and Hughes, "Songs from the Hills of Vermont" (Boston [1919]), pp. 18-20 (with music). Belden has a good but condensed copy with this burden, and a fragment of one stanza with a distorted form of it. This "kimo" burden is that of Mrs. Leather's fragmentary Herefordshire version (p. 209), and has been reported in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 188, and

¹ [Mrs. Leather's first version (p. 209) is a corrupt fragment of four stanzas.]

² [Mr. Gordon had also heard the song with a different burden:—

There was a frog lived in the well,

Perry merry dictum o-dominee

And a mouse liv'd in the mill.

Perry merry dictum o-dominee.

Tum er hallarpoons, er patterpoons

Er perry merry temperpoons,

Er perry merry dictum o-dominee.

For this burden in another song, see Child, i, 414 (note); Folk-Lore Journal, iii, 272; JAFI xxix, 157. See also Jacobs, English Fairy Tales (1890), pp. 73, 234.]

in Folk-Lore, xviii, 449.¹ It is quite different from the "Kitty alone" burden in Ritson and Baring-Gould (or the "Cuddy alone" of Scottish texts). Rimbault's burden is different from both, and Miss Mason's burden is still another. A form or development of the "kimo" burden appears in the Negro minstrel song to be mentioned presently.

An Irish version in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 75, has several old features which connect it closely with the text in "Melismata," but varies from that text by introducing a number of wedding guests, — the bee (with a fiddle), the snail (with bagpipes), the pig, the hen, and the duck. Here belongs a shorter text in "Journal of the Irish Folk-Song Society," iv, 22 (with tune). A similar elaboration occurs in several American copies: see Perrow's Mississippi text (JAFL xxvi, 134-135); Wyman and Brockway, "Lonesome Tunes," i, 25-29;² an unprinted variant collected by Miss Wyman in Letcher County, Kentucky;³ Campbell and Sharp, "English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians," No. 119; a fragment printed in the "Boston Transcript," Feb. 4, 1911, Part ii, p. 8; a New York copy in the same newspaper, Feb. 18, 1911; five texts (some of them fragments) in Belden's MS. collection; Professor Tolman's first text (above), and five unprinted copies in my possession, from Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and the South (MSS., iii, 126-127, 129-130, 133; iv, 72; v, 185-186). Three of these last make a special sub-group by virtue of their conclusion: —

The frog he swam to the lake,
And there was swallowed by a big black snake.

The big black snake he swam to land,
And there was caught by a nigger man.

The nigger man he went to France,
And that's the end of my romance.⁴

With this general group (though lacking the elaboration in guests) belong a nine-stanza text in the "Boston Transcript," Jan. 28, 1911, Part ii, p. 8, and two unprinted copies in my possession (MSS., iii, 125; vii, 171), one of them from North Carolina. A tendency to elaboration (fox, etc.) may also be seen in the Scottish copies.

About 1809 a form of the traditional English version was so modified by omissions and the insertion of modern features as to fit it to the comic stage of the time (the frog, for instance, takes "his opera hat"

¹ [See also Jacobs, *English Fairy Tales* (1890), pp. 73, 234. A curious variation of this burden may be seen in the comic song "Polly, Won't You Try Me, O?" as "sung by Mrs. Florence at Drury Lane;" broadside, Ryle & Co. (Harvard College).]

² [The burden is practically the same as in Mr. Gordon's first version (above).]

³ [Compare also the Kentucky "Bed-Time Song" (Wyman and Brockway, i, 22-24).]

⁴ [There are varieties in detail here, of course, among the three.]

along when he goes a-courting), and was sung in this shape ("The Frog in the Cock'd Hat" or "The Love-sick Frog") by the famous comedian Liston, to "an original air by C. E. H., Esq." (Charles Edward Horn).¹ Liston's song begins, —

A frog he would a-wooing go,
Whether his mother would let him or no, —

and has the burden "Heigho! says Rowley," etc. It may be found in "Fairburn's Catamaran Songster, or Theatrical Galamathias" for 1809 (London), pp. 31-32;² a Pitts broadside, "The Frog in the Cock'd Hat" (Harvard College); "The Vocal Library," No. 1758, p. 648; "The Yankee Songster's Pocket Companion" (Gardiner, Me., 1824), pp. 77-79; "Davidson's Universal Melodist" (London, 1847), i, 166-167 (with tune); Helen K. Johnson, "Our Familiar Songs" (New York, 1881), p. 434 (with tune); Baring-Gould, "A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes," No. 17, pp. 27-30; and, with omissions and slight changes (probably from secondary tradition), in [W. A. Wheeler] "Mother Goose's Melodies" (New York, 1877), pp. 7-19, and Robert Ford, "Children's Rhymes," 1903, pp. 118-120 (from Ford, in Louey Chisholm, "Nursery Rhymes," pp. 32-34). The Liston song, oddly crossed with older tradition, occurs in Alexander Laing of Brechin's MS. (Harvard College Library),³ No. 8, pp. 9-11 (Scottish).

That particular form of the traditional ditty which underlay Liston's *rifacimento* is tolerably well represented, it appears, by the version (from Yorkshire) in Rimbault, "A Little Book of Ballads and Songs," pp. 93-94, and by that of *ca.* 1790, of which a fragment is given in "Notes and Queries," 1st series, ii, 110⁴ (cf. ii, 45-46).⁵ It must have differed but slightly from the texts in Ritson's "Gammer Gurton's Garland" (and Halliwell) and in Rimbault's "Collection of Old Nursery Rhymes," pp. 26-27; but the burdens in the cases cited show much variety, only the Ritson-Halliwell copy having "Kitty alone"⁶ (equivalent to the "Cuddy alone" found in most of the Scottish texts).

¹ [See Notes and Queries, 1st series, i, 458; Baring-Gould, A Garland of Country Song, p. 31; and A Book of Nursery Songs and Rhymes, p. 152.]

² ["The Frog in the Cock'd Hat, or The Rat, the Mouse, the Duck, and the Cat, and her Kittens. Sung by Mr. Liston at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; and by Mr. Johannot, at Asiley's Amphitheatre, with universal Applause."]

³ [See Child, v, 398.]

⁴ [This Notes and Queries version has a "Heigho crowdie" burden, which may or may not be the origin of the Rowley burden. The Notes and Queries man dates his recollection back to *ca.* 1790.]

⁵ [A remnant appears, perhaps, in a ring-game song (No. 10) collected in Michigan by Miss Emelyn Gardner.]

⁶ [A form of this burden is printed by Baring-Gould and Sheppard, A Garland of Country Song, p. 31.]

D'Urfey's stupid and indecent burlesque, "A Ditty on a high Amour at St. James's" (beginning "Great Lord Frog to Lady Mouse"), may be found with a tune in "Pills to Purge Melancholy" (1714), v, 298-300, and in "The Merry Musician or A Cure for the Spleen" (1716), pp. 17-18; without music, in "The Hive" (1732), iv, 135-137.

A burlesque utilizing the "kimo" burden was once very popular on the Negro minstrel stage in two forms, known respectively as "Keemo Kimo" and "Kitty Kimo." For "Keemo Kimo" (3 stanzas) see "Keemo Kimo, Geo. Christy and Wood's Celebrated Banjo Song As Sung by P. H. Keenan. Arranged by A. Sedgwick. Published and Sold by Geo. Christy & Wood's Minstrels, 444 Broadway, N. Y." (cop. 1854 by H. Wood); "George Christy and Wood's Melodies" (cop. 1854), pp. 7-8 (a song-book afterwards included in "Christy's and White's Ethiopian Melodies," Philadelphia, Peter-son); "The Christy's Minstrels' Song Book" (London, Boosey), vol. ii, part ii, pp. 56-57 (with tune); "Beadle's Dime Melodist" (New York, cop. 1860), pp. 26-27 (with tune); "Howe's Comic Songster" (Boston, Elias Howe), pp. 94-95 (with a fourth stanza). For "Kitty Kimo" (4 stanzas) see de Marsan broadside, List 3, No. 12 ("composed and arranged by Charles White"); "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, p. 138, No. 22 ("Composed and arranged by Charles White, and sung by Old Dan Emmet"); Wehman broadside, No. 651; broadside, "Wholesale Depot, 27 Green Street" (Harvard College); "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1860), p. 64; "Gus Williams' Old Fashioned G. A. R. Camp Fire Songster," p. 14; "Wehman Bros.' Good Old-Time Songs No. 1" (New York, cop. 1890), p. 86. Each of these two forms has one stanza about the frog; the rest is riotous and delightful nonsense. The burden is a development of the "kimo" form (see above), and appears also in Campbell and Sharp's No. 120, p. 319. Quite a different song entitled "Keemo Kimo" (likewise obviously American) is found in an English broadside issued by Bebbington of Manchester (No. 367: Harvard College Library, 25242.17, x, 111). It gets its burden from the minstrel song, but has cut quite loose from "Frog and Mouse."]

THE MOSS-BACK SON AND THE SHANTY BOY.

This modern American lumbermen's song resembles a mediæval "debate." An interesting parallel is the English debate "The Husbandman and the Servingman," — "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs," etc., 42;¹ "English County Songs," 144; "Folk Songs from

¹ ["God speed the Plough, and bless the Corn-mow. A Dialogue between the Husband-man and the Serving-man" is Roxburghe, ii, 188; Pepys, iv, 272; Euing, 127; Crawford, 845, 846. See Collier, A Book of Roxburghe Ballads, 1847, pp. 312-316; Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Ebsworth, vi, 520, 523-525; Crawford Catalogue, 1890, pp. 301-302; Davies Gilbert, Some Ancient Carols, 2d ed., 1823, pp. 72-75.]

Somerset," No. 71. The Servingman confesses himself beaten.

A similar debate between "the Serving-man and the Husband-man" (also called the "Plough-man") is in "Roxburghe Ballads," Chappell, i, 300; in the edition of Hindley, i, 385.

Shearin lists, p. 21, "Kaintucky Boys . . . A *débat* between a Virginia lad and the Kentucky maiden whom he comes to woo. She scorns lands and money, and lauds the superior manliness of the Kentucky lads." A variant in Shearin praises the boys of Owsley County, Kentucky.

Two texts have come to me that agree very closely, — one through Miss Helen Dye from Mr. Willard Dye, Cadillac, Mich.; the other from Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io.

[This *débat* has a curious resemblance to the famous mediæval Latin poem "De Phyllide et Flora," in which two damsels discuss the comparative merits of a knight and a clerk as lover: Wright, "The Latin Poems commonly attributed to Walter Mapes," pp. 258-267, 353-371; Schmeller, "Carmina Burana," 1847, pp. 155-165 (3d ed., 1894, pp. 155-165); Hauréau, "Notices et Extraits," xxxii (pt. 1), 259-269; cf. Laistner, "Goliath," pp. 70-96.]

1. One evening as I was walking out,
 Just as the sun went down,
 I walked along quite carelessly
 Till I came to Trenton town.
 There I heard two maids conversing,
 As slowly I passed by;
 One said she loved her moss-back son,
 While the other, her shanty boy.
2. The one that loved her moss-back son,
 These words I heard her say:
 "The reason why I love him,
 For at home with me he'll stay;
 He'll stay at home all winter,
 To the woods he will not go;
 And when the spring comes on again,
 His lands he'll plough and sow."
3. "All for to plough and sow your land,"
 The other girl did say;
 "If crops should prove a failure,
 Your debts you could not pay.
 If crops should prove a failure,
 Grain-markets would be low.
 The sheriff ofttimes sells you out
 To pay the debts you owe."

4. "Off with the sheriff selling us out!
That does not me alarm;
For what's the use of being in debt
When you're on a good farm?
From off your farm you'll earn your bread,
Without working in storm and rain;
While your shanty boy works hard each day
His family to maintain."
5. "Oh, how I love my shanty boy,
Who goes out in the fall!
For he's both stout and able,
And fit to stand the squall.
With pleasure I'll embrace him,
In the spring when he comes down;
His money with me he'll spend quite free,
While your moss-back son has none."
6. "Oh, how you praise your shanty boy,
Who goes out in the fall!
He's called up before day-break,
For to stand the storm and squall;
While happy and contented,
My boy with me he'll stay,
And tell to me sweet tales of love,
Till the storm has passed away."
7. "I cannot bear that silly trash
Those moss-back sons do say.
The most of them they are so green
The cows would eat for hay.
How easy it is to mark them,
Whene'er they come to town!
You'll see the boot-blacks gather round
And say, 'Moss, how are you down?'"
8. "Now, what I've said of your shanty boy,
I hope you'll pardon me;
And from that ignorant moss-back son
I will try and get free.
The very next chance that I do have,
With some shanty boy I'll go,
And leave that ignorant moss-back son
His buckwheat for to sow."

MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.

Grandma advises against marriage. The speaker is more afraid of dying an old maid. Five stanzas.

Pound 62. Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O.

[For American copies see "The Home Melodist" (Boston, cop. 1859), p. 44 (with music); "Beadle's Dime Song Book No. 2" (cop. 1860), p. 15 ("Music published by H. Waters, 333 Broadway, N. Y."); "The Shilling Song Book" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 93; "Father Kemp's Old Folks Concert Music" (Boston, cop. 1874), p. 87; de Marsan broadside (New York), List 7, No. 59. "My Grandma's Advice" still keeps its place in the Oliver Ditson Company's catalogue, and may be had at any time (words and music). The song is a variation on "The Old Maid" ("When I liv'd with my Grandam on yon little green"): "The Lover's Harmony," No. 17, p. 134 (Pitts [1840]).]

MY TRUE-LOVE HAS GONE TO FRANCE.

[*Shoole Aroon.*]

See Journal of the Folk-Song Society, ii, 253-254, iii, 26-31; English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 93 ("Putman's Hill").

(*Version a.*)

Mrs. Maxwell, Canton, O., wrote this down for Miss Eddy from memory.

1. If I was up on yonder hill,
There I'd sit and cry my fill,
Till every tear would turn a mill,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

Chorus.

Shoolie, shoolie, shoolie rure,
Shoolie za-ca-ra-ca Sally Bobicue,
It's when I saw the Sally by the heel,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

2. Sell my clock and sell my reel,
And likewise sell my spring wheel,
To buy my love a sword and shield,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

(*Chorus.*)

3. My true-love has gone to France
To seek a fortune in advance,
If ever he comes back, there'll be a war-dance,
Cabible and a boo saluria oo.

(*Chorus.*)

(*Version b.*)

Recited to Miss Eddy by Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, State Librarian, Columbus, O. Learned from his father in Columbiana County, Ohio.

1. My true-love has gone to France,
Seeking his fortune for to advance,
And if he ever returns, it will be but a chance,
Suck-a-gill to a wanyan slonyan.

Chorus.

Shule, shule, shul-a-make-a-rule,
And a shula in a gräss, and a shula cooka you,
And a gräss in a won, oh dill, oh-la-done,
Suck-a-gill in a wanyan slonyan.

2. My old daddy was very cross,
He neither allowed me a cow nor a hoss,
Be it for the better, or for the wuss,
Suck-a-gill to a wanyan slonyan.

(Chorus.)

3. My old mother was a very fine man,
She used to ride the Darby ram;
He sent her whizzin' down the hill,
And if she ain't got up, she lays there still.

(Chorus.)

(Version c.)

Obtained through Miss Eddy from Mrs. L. A. Lind, Canton, O.

1. My daddy was so very cross
He gave me neither cow nor horse;
He's none the better, I'm none the worse.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

Chorus.

Shoo li, shoo li, shoo li roo,
Shoo li, sack a rack, a salobabo cue,
While I sigh for Salobabo lee,
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

2. I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
All over the world I'll buy my bread,
So that my parents will think me dead.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

3. I wish I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill.
Comapalala boosi Laurie.

(Version d.)

1. My old dad-dy's gone to France, There to pur-chase me a
 ve - ry fine chance; If I should sigh for Sal-ly Bob-o-link, Come
 bib - a - lil - a - boo - za lo - ra; Shu - li - shu - li, shu - li - roo,
 Shu - li - sa - ca - ra - ca } bib - a - lil - li - cue, If I should sigh for
 Zach - a - ri - ah }
 Sal - ly Bob - o - link, Come bib - a - lil - la - boo - za - lo - ra.

2. I dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
 And o'er this world I'll beg my bread,
 So my parents think me dead.
 Come bib-a-lil-la-boo-za-lo-ra, etc.

[Version *a* is close to the common version of "Shule Aroon." See Manus O'Connor, "Old-Time Songs and Ballads of Ireland" (cop. 1901), p. 110 (also published as "Irish Come-all-ye's"); "Delaney's Irish Song Book No. 2," p. 5; "Wehman Bros.' Pocket-Size Irish Song Book No. 3" (cop. 1909), p. 95; Redfern Mason, "The Song Lore of Ireland" (New York, 1910), p. 267; Alfred Moffat, "The Minstrelsy of Ireland," 4th ed., pp. 104-105; Joyce, "Old Irish Folk Music and Songs," 1909, No. 425, pp. 236-237; "Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society," October, 1912, xii, 27 (a peculiar version); "Songs of our Land" (Boston, Donahoe [185-]), pp. 57-58 ("Shuile Agra," with additional stanzas). A text "adapted by the editor," Alfred B. Graves, may be found in "The Irish Song Book," pp. 6-7; in "Sixty Irish Songs," edited by William A. Fisher (Boston, cop. 1915), pp. 154-157; and in Boulton and Somerwell's "Songs of the Four Nations" (London, 1893), No. 40, pp. 210-214 (with an Irish translation by Dr. Douglas Hyde, "Sinbhail a Graidh").

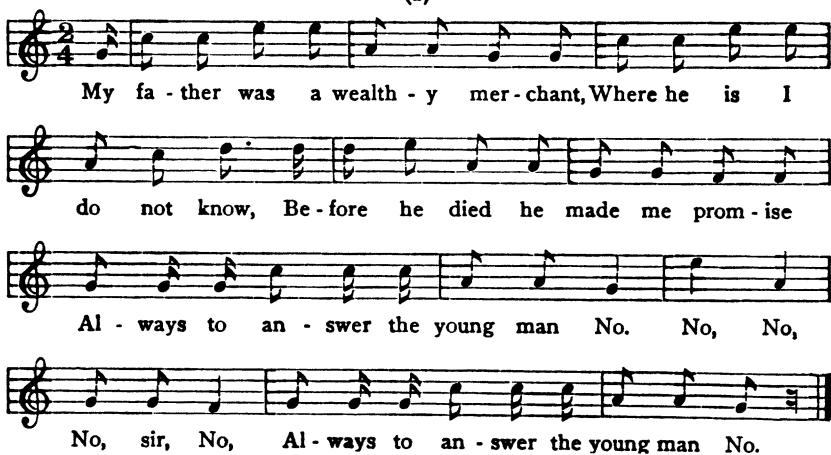
The well-known Yale song entitled "Shool" is a comic *rifacimento* of "Shule Aroon." See Charles S. Elliot, "Songs of Yale" (New Haven, 1870), pp. 50-51; C. Wiston Stevens, "College Song Book"

(Boston, cop. 1860), pp. 40-43; Henry R. Waite, "Carmina Colligensia" (Boston, cop. 1860), p. 44; the same, "Student Life in Song" (Boston, cop. 1879), pp. 119-121; "Camp Songs" (Boston, Ditson, cop. 1861, p. 41).]

NO, SIR!

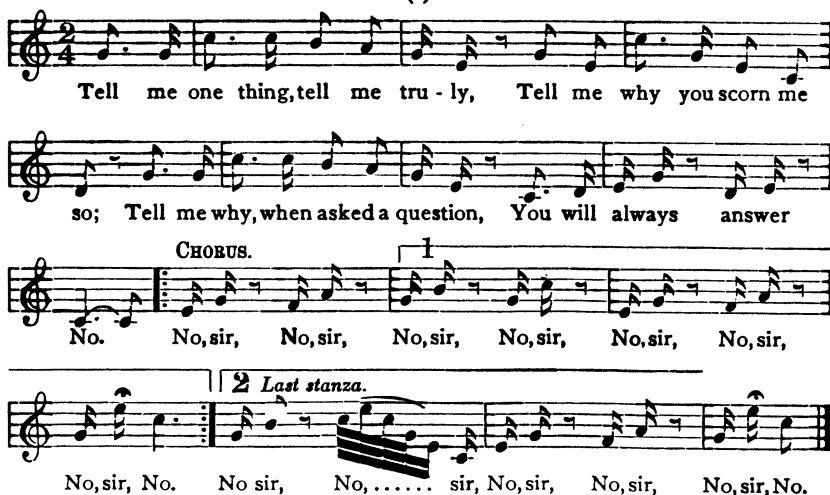
Pound, 43; Wolford (see bibliography under Division IV), 73. See "O, No, John!" in "Folk Songs from Somerset," No. 94, and in "One Hundred English Folksongs," No. 68 (this air should be compared with the second one printed below). Compare the fragment in "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," iv, 298. Miss Eddy sends two variants. The first air was learned by her as a girl; the second she gets from the singing of Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O.

(a)



My fa - ther was a wealth - y mer - chant, Where he is I
do not know, Be - fore he died he made me prom - ise
Al - ways to an - swer the young man No. No, No,
No, sir, No, Al - ways to an - swer the young man No.

(b)



Tell me one thing, tell me tru - ly, Tell me why you scorn me
so; Tell me why, when asked a question, You will always answer
CHORUS.
No. No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir,
2 Last stanza.
No, sir, No. No sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No, sir, No.

["No, Sir!" (almost word for word like No. 1) occurs in "Gems of Minstrel Song" (cop. 1882 by W. F. Shaw), p. 23 ("Words and Music Arr. by A. M. Wakefield"); "Popular Songs and Ballads" (cop. 1882 by W. F. Shaw), p. [62] (with the same note as to words and music); "Delaney's Song Book No. 23" (New York [1900]), p. 26. It is manifestly an adaptation of the familiar "No, John!" A kind of "answer" to the song is "Yes, Sir!" in "Delaney's Song Book No. 23," p. 26.

In another and more sophisticated working-over of the same motif the dialogue is reported, not given directly: "No! No! Sung by Mrs. Wrihten, at Vauxhall" (eighteenth-century slip, Harvard College, 25242.3, fol. 132). It begins, —

That I might not be plagu'd with the nonsense of men,
I promis'd my mother again and again,
To says [*sic*] as she bids me wherever I go,
And to all that they ask, I should answer them no.

A duet on the same theme is "No! no!" "The American Minstrel" (Cincinnati, 1837, cop. 1836), pp. 303-304 ("The celebrated duet sung by Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Singer's Own Book," new edition (Philadelphia, cop. 1832), p. 46 (with singers as above); the same (reprint by Leavitt and Allen, New York), p. 46; "Burton's Comic Songster" (Philadelphia, 1838), pp. 98-99, also in the reprint of 1856 ("Billy Burton's Comic Songster," New York, Richard Marsh), pp. 98-99 ("Sung by Mr. Brunton and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Bijou Minstrel" (Philadelphia, Turner & Fisher, 1840), p. 274; "Col. Crockett's Free and Easy Song Book," p. 241 ("Sung by Mr. Sinclair and Mrs. Rowbotham"); "The Arkansas Traveller's Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 61 ("The celebrated Duett in the Burletta of 'No.' As sung by James Dunn and Mrs. W. G. Jones, at the New Bowery Theatre. Air — 'Isabel'").

A simple and pretty version of the "No" theme is "You shan't, Sir!" ("The Melodist, and Mirthful Olio," London, 1828, ii, 148-149.)

Other related pieces of older date are: (1) "The Dumb Lady; Or, No, no, not I; I'll Answer" (begins, "Underneath a little Mountain"): Roxburghe collection, ii, 111; Pepys, iii, 128; Douce, 65 v.; Huth, i, 83; Crawford, No. 1224 (Roxburghe Ballads, ed. Ebsworth, iv, 352-354; Crawford Catalogue, p. 443); and (2) "O nay, nay, not yet" (begins, "A young man walking all alone"): "Merry Drollery," Part I, 1661, pp. 32-33, in Ebsworth's reprint of "Choyce Drollery," 1876, pp. 204-206; Percy MS., Loose and Humorous Songs, pp. 92-93. One may note two other songs of similar tenor, — "No, my Love, not I" (Harvard broadsides, 25242.17, iv, 103, John Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 17; and vi, 82, Walker, Durham, No. 40); and "No, Tom,

No" (25242.17, ii, 23, George Walker, Jun., Durham, No. 18). Compare also "Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi, 157-158; vii, 201.]

OLD GRANDDADDY'S DEAD.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Miss Lucille Wilson, Perrysville, O. Learned from the singing of her father, whose home was in western Pennsylvania.

1. Old granddaddy's dead and laid in his grave, Laid in his grave,
laid in his grave, Old grand - dad - dy's dead and
laid in his grave, Laid, yes, laid in his grave.

2. There sprang up an apple-tree right at his head.
3. When all the apples were ready to pick,
4. There came an old woman to gather them up.
5. Old granddaddy jumped right out of his grave,
6. He gave the old woman a wonderful kick.
7. She managed to climb up a strawberry hill,
8. And there she sat down and made her last will.
9. The saddle and bridle hangs on the shelf,
10. If you want any more, you may sing it yourself.

[See Newell, "Games and Songs of American Children," 1884, pp. 100-101 ("Old Grimes"); Barry, No. 74 ("Old Grumble"); Pound, p. 57; JAFL xiii, 230-234 ("Little Johnny Wattles"); F. C. Brown, "Ballad-Literature in North Carolina," p. 11 ("Old Grumley"); "Focus," iii, 155-156 ("Old Grundy"), iii, 274-275 ("Bobbie"). Dr. B. L. Jones reports the song from Michigan ("Old Crompy," "Old Pompey," "Old Crony," "Old Jumbly"). I have a copy from Maine which preserves the Protector's name ("Oliver Cromwell went down to Whitehall").

For English texts see Gomme, "Traditional Games," ii, 16-24 ("Old Roger"), and "Children's Singing Games," pp. 48-51; Broadwood and Fuller Maitland, "English County Songs" ("Oliver Cromwell"); Gillington, "Old Hampshire Singing Games," pp. 4-5 ("Old Roger"); Norman Douglas, "London Street Games," 1916, pp. 76-77. Compare Leather, "Folk-Lore of Herefordshire," p. 263.]

THE PRETTY MOHEE.

Belden, No. 52, "Momee (Maumee);" Pound, 66, "Pretty Maumee, The Pretty Mohea;" Shearin, 12, "The Pretty Mohee (Maumee)." Wyman, *Lonesome Tunes*, i, 52 ff. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, 1922, 197 f.

A young man is attracted by a fair Indian lass. Afterwards, when jilted, he longs to return to her, "And spend all my days with my pretty Mohee."

Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper sends a text, nine stanzas.

[This song has been found in Kentucky by Miss Loraine Wyman, and in Michigan by Dr. B. L. Jones. It is printed in an abbreviated form in "Delaney's Song Book No. 16" (New York [1897]), p. 24.

"The Little Mohee" appears to be a chastened American remaking of the favorite English broadside song of "The Indian Lass," which begins, —

As I was walking on yon far distant shore,
I went into an alehouse for to spend an hour,
As I sat smoking and taking my glass,
By chance there came in a young Indian lass.

She sat down beside me and squeezed my hand,
"Kind sir, you're a stranger, not one of this land,
I have got fine lodgings if with me you will stay,
My portion you shall have without more delay."

See Kidson, "Traditional Tunes," pp. 109-111; "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," ii, 262; and the following Harvard broadsides: 25242.17, iii, 100 (Forth, Pocklington, No. 146); iv, 70 (John Gilbert, Newcastle, No. 74); iv, 140 (John Ross, Newcastle, No. 74); vi, 213 (no imprint, No. 128); x, 124 (Bebbington, Manchester, No. 380); xi, 36 (Such, No. 36); Nichols, Wakefield. "The Indian Lass" is extant in an American broadside, — de Marsan, List 14, No. 40.]

THE ROLLING STONE (THE DISCONTENTED HUSBAND).

Belden, No. 66. I take the title of this interesting song-debate from Hamlin Garland's autobiography, "A Son of the Middle Border" (Macmillan, 1917), see pp. 43-45, 466. He speaks of the song as "embodying admirably the debate which went on in our home as well as in the homes of other farmers." The book brings out vividly the importance of ballad-singing as an element in pioneer life.

Copied in an album by Rev. Franklin Eddy, father of Miss Eddy, with the date 1852, Ashtabula, O. The tune sung by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perryville, O.



Repeat as many times as necessary to sing stanza and chorus.

1. "Since times are so hard, I must tell you, sweetheart,
That I must leave off with my plough and my cart.
Away to Wisconsin a journey I'll go,
To double my fortune as other folks do.

Chorus.

"Whilst here I must labor each day in the field,
And the winter consumes all that summer doth yield."

2. "O Collins! we witnessed your sorrow at heart.
I see you've neglected your plough and your cart;
Your hogs, sheep, and cattle at random do run;
And your best Sunday jacket goes every day on.

Chorus.

"Then stay on your farm, and you'll suffer no loss,
For a stone that keeps rolling can gather no moss."

3. "O wife, let us go! and don't let us stay;
I long to be there, I long to be great;
You'll be some great lady, and perhaps that I
Will be some great governor before I shall die.

Chorus: "Whilst here I must," etc.

4. "O husband! remember that land will be too dear,
And you'll have to work hard for many a year;
Your hogs, sheep, and cattle will all be to buy,
And you'll scarcely get settled before you will die.

Chorus: "Then stay on your farm," etc.

5. "O wife, let us go! and don't let us stand;
I'll purchase a farm all cleared by the hand,
Where hogs, sheep, and cattle are not very dear,
And we'll feast on fat buffalo half of the year.

Chorus: "Whilst here I must," etc.

6. "O husband! remember that land of delight,
Where Indians do plunder by day and by night;
They'll plunder your houses, and burn to the ground,
And your wife and your children lay mangled around.

Chorus: "Then stay on your farm," etc.

7. "O wife! you've convinced me, I'll argue no more,
 I never had thought of your dying before;
 I love my dear children, although they are small;
 And you, my dear wife, is more precious than all.

Chorus.

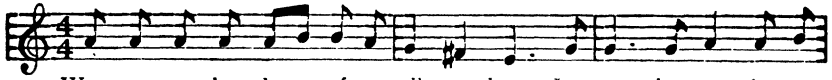
"Then I'll stay on my farm, if I suffer no loss,
 If the stone that keeps rolling can gather no moss."

THE SAILOR BOY.

The following may all be called variants of "The Sailor Boy:"
 "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 99; "One Hundred English
 Folksongs," No. 72; JAFL xxx, 363-364 (see for references).¹

The last two stanzas of the text here given are found in "The
 Butcher's Boy," Part I, 169-170.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Henry Maurer, Perrysville, O.



1. Wea-ry are the hours of a sail - or boy; Its cause, its cause, is to



weep and to mourn, Its cause, its cause, is to weep and to mourn, For the



sake of the lov - er that nev - er will re - turn. Its cause, its cause, is to



weep and mourn For the sake of the lov - er that nev - er will re - turn.

2. Black is the color of my true-lover's hair,
 His resemblance is the lily's fair,
 To tell, to tell, will give me joy,
 For none will I have but my sweet sailor boy.
3. Father, father, build me a boat,
 That I may on the ocean float;
 And every ship that I sail by,
 There I'll inquire for my sweet sailor boy.

[¹ Add: Christopher Stone, *Sea Songs and Ballads*, pp. 174-176; Cuala Press Broad-
 side for August, 1909 (Second Year, No. 3).]

4. As I sailed down from Spain,
I saw three ships sail over the main,
I hailed a happy captain as he passed by,
And there I inquired for sweet Willy boy.
5. "Captain, captain, tell me true,
Doth sweet Willy sail with you?
To tell, to tell, 'twill give me joy,
For none will I have but sweet Willy boy."
6. "O fair lady! I'll tell you true,
He was drowned in the gulf below;
On Éroc Isle as we passed by,
There we left your sweet sailor boy."
7. She dashed her boat against a rock,
I thought the lady's heart was broke,
She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Just like a lady in despair.
8. "Bring me a chair to sit upon,
And pen and ink to write it down."
At the end of every line she dropped a tear,
At the end of every verse cried, "Oh, my dear!"
9. "Dig my grave both wide and deep;
Put a marble stone at my head and feet,
And on my breast a turtle dove,
To show the world that I did love."

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

Pound, 42.

I.

Sent by Miss Eddy. Written by Rev. Franklin Eddy in an album dated Ashtabula, O., 1852.

1. 'Twas early spring when I was young,
The flowers they bloomed and the birds they sang,
All was happy, but none so happy as I,
When my lovely sailor lad was nigh.

Chorus.

Trol lol lu, trol lol la, etc.,
All was happy, etc.

2. The evening star was shining still,
And twilight peeped o'er the eastern hill;
The sailor lad and his lovely bride
Sat weeping by the ocean's side.

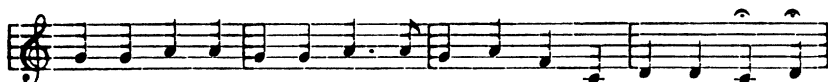
3. 'Twas scarce three months we had been wed,
And oh, how fast the moments fled!
But we were to part at the dawning of the day,
And the proud ship bore my love away.
4. Long months passed by, he came no more
To his weeping bride on the distant shore;
The ship went down 'mid the howling of the storm,
And the sea engulfed my sailor's form.
5. 'Tis autumn now, and I am alone,
The flowers have bloomed, and the birds have flown;
All is sad, yet none so sad as I,
For my sailor lad no more was nigh.
6. My sailor sleeps beneath the wave,
The mermaids they kneel o'er his grave,
The mermaids they at the bottom of the sea,
Are weeping their sad tears for me.
7. I would that I were sleeping too,
In the silent wave of the ocean blue;
My soul to my God, my body in the sea,
And the wild waves rolling over me.

II.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Daniel Ross, Shreve, O. Miss Eddy sends a third text, which is a little shorter.



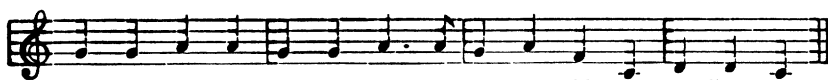
1. Our youthful hearts do oft-times weep For those who plow the bri - ny deep;



Think how ma - ny find a grave Beneath a wide, out-spreading wave. La



la la la la la la la la la la la la la!



Think how ma - ny find a grave Beneath the wide, out-spreading wave.

2. But now I will relate a case
Which happened in my early days,
Of a sailor boy whose heart was true,
But now he lies in the ocean blue.

3. 'Twas early spring, the year was young,
The flowers did bloom, the birds they sung,
But not a bird was happier than I,
When my loved sailor boy was nigh.
4. The moon had risen o'er the eastern hills,
The stars they shone in the twilight still;
The sailor boy and his bride
Were walking by the ocean side.
5. 'Twas scarce three months since first we met,
But oh, how swift the moments fled!
And we must part at the dawning of the day,
And the proud ship bears my love away.
6. Long months passed away, he came no more
To his weeping bride on the ocean shore;
The ship went down at the howling of the storm,
And the waves closed o'er my lover's form.
7. Would that I were resting too,
Beneath the waves in the ocean blue;
My soul at rest in the bottom of the sea,
And the blue waves rolling over me.

THE SHANTY BOY'S ALPHABET.

Sung to Mr. Hoyt E. Cooper, Manilla, Io., by Mr. Frank Covell.
See under "The Flying Cloud."

1. A is the axe that cutteth the pine;
B is the jolly boys, never behind;
C is the cutting we early begin;
And D is the danger we ofttimes are in.

Chorus.

And it's merry, merry, so merry are we;
Not a mortal on earth is more happy than we.
Then it's a heigh derry derry, and a heigh derry down.
The shanty boy is willing when nothing goes wrong.

2. E is the echo that makes the woods ring;
And F is the foreman, the head of our gang;
G is the grindstone we grind our axe on;
And H is the handle so smoothly worn.

(Chorus.)

3. I is the iron that marketh the pine;
And J is the jolly boys, never behind;
K is the keen edges our axes we keep;
And L is the lice that keeps us from sleep.

(Chorus.)

4. M is the moss we stick in our camps;
 And N is the needle we sew up our pants;
 O is the owl that hoots in the night;
 And P is the tall pine we always fall right.

(Chorus.)

5. Q is the quarrels we do not allow;
 And R is the river our logs they do plough;
 S is the sleighs so stout and so strong;
 T is the teams that haul them along.

(Chorus.)

6. U is the use we put our teams to;
 V is the valley we haul our logs through;
 W is the woods we leave in the spring.
 I've told you all I'm a-going to sing.

(Chorus.)

THE SOLDIER'S WOOING.

Part I, 188. A text in JAFL xxiii, 447. English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians, No. 41. See also JAFL xxx, 363.¹ Pound, American Ballads and Songs, 1922, 68 f.

"Roxburghe Ballads," ed. Ebsworth, vi, 230 f., seems to be an early form of this piece. The lover is a Keeper. In the same collection, vii, 559 ff., he becomes a Seaman.

This air was sung to Miss Eddy by Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O. The latter learned it from her mother, who died eleven years ago, aged eighty-four.

Sol - dier, oh, sol - dier just com - ing from the plain, He
 court - ed a la - dy of hon - or and fame. Her
 rich - es were so great that they scarce - ly could be told, And
 yet she loved a sol - dier for be - ing so bold.

¹ [Printed *ca.* 1800 or earlier in *The Echo*; or, *Columbian Songster*, 2d ed., Brookfield, Mass., pp. 150-152.]

SPRINGFIELD MOUNTAIN.

Part I, 188; see references there. Much information here given comes from Professor Kittredge. Brackets indicate verbatim quotations from him.

The statements made by Robert O. Morris of Springfield, Mass., in the "Springfield Weekly Republican" of Oct. 8, 1908, are based upon "An Historical Address delivered at the Centennial Celebration of the Town of Wilbraham," in 1863. [The exact form of the record is given by Chauncey E. Peck ("The History of Wilbraham," p. 79): "Timothy Mirrick, the son of Lt. Thomas and Mary¹ Mirrick, was bit by a ratel snake on August the 7th, 1761, and died within about two or three ours, he being 22 years, two months and three days old and vary near the point of marridg." The fullest account of the tragedy (apart from articles in this Journal) is given by Peck, pp. 79-84. It is much superior to that of Stebbins.]

Dr. Rufus P. Stebbins, the orator at Wilbraham's centennial celebration, furnished Mr. Morris a text which he believed to be the exact words of the author's copy. According to direct tradition, he says, the author was one Nathan Terry. [Practically the same text was printed by J. G. Holland ("History of Western Massachusetts," ii, 161-162), who calls his version "an authentic copy, preserved in the family." It was reprinted in JAFL xiii, 107-108. E. E. Hale reprints Stebbins's text in his "New England History in Ballads" (1903, pp. 86-88).]

Mr. David A. Wells, of national reputation, also investigated this ballad. He gave Nathan Torrey as the name of the author. He gave as approximating the original text a version (also in the "Weekly Springfield Republican," Oct. 8, 1908) very similar to that of Stebbins. "At Wilbraham's centennial celebration this poem was lined off in the old-fashioned way and sung by the audience" (Morris).

[The more or less comic version given by the famous humorist John Phoenix (George H. Derby) in "The Squibob Papers" (New York, 1865), pp. 45-52, is reproduced (with due credit) in "The Wandering Refugee Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 40; "The 'We Won't Go Home till Morning' Songster" (New York, cop. 1869), p. 52; "Yankee Robinson's 'Beautiful Amazon' Songster" (New York, cop. 1870), p. 46; and "Henry de Marsan's New Comic and Sentimental Singers' Journal," i, 40 (No. 5).

Another comic version is printed in "Hooley's Opera House Songster" (New York, cop. 1864), p. 56 ("sung by Archy Hughes"), and in "Bryant's² Songs and Programme for the Week commencing Oct. 30th, 1865," vii, 761-762, No. 48 ("sung by the Quisby Oglers;"

¹ [Morris gives the name wrongly as Eunice.] ² [Bryant's Minstrels.]

"Music of this Song for sale by Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway, New York").

An older and shorter comic version is given in "Book of Words of the Hutchinson Family," New York, 1851 (= "Book of Poetry of the Hutchinson Family," New York, 1858), p. 37 ("as sung in the old fashioned Continental style").]

Miss Eddy's father, Rev. Franklin Eddy, when twenty years old, copied the following form of the poem in an autograph book dated Ashtabula, O., 1852.

The Major's Son.

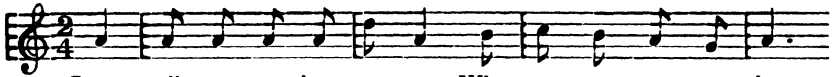
1. On Springfield Mountain there did dwell
A noble youth who was known full well;
He was the major's only son,
And he was aged twenty-one.
2. On Monday morning he did go
Down to the meadow for to mow;
He mowed one round, and then did feel
A poison serpent at his heel.
3. When he received this deathly wound,
He threw his scythe upon the ground;
Returning home was his intent,
A-calling loudly as he went.
4. His voice was heard both far and near,
But not a friend to him appeared;
They thought 'twas workmen he did call;
Alas, poor man! he fell alone.
5. When daylight gone and evening came,
His father went to seek his son;
And when he came to where he lay,
He was dead and cold as any clay.
6. His eyes and mouth were closed fast,
His hands were laid across his breast.
They thought he laid him down to rest;
Alas, poor man! he breathed his last.
7. In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
When this sad accident was done.
Let this a warning be to all
To be prepared when God doth call.

Miss Eddy obtained a version of "Springfield Mountain" from Mr. C. B. Galbreath, State Librarian of Ohio, that was "formerly very

popular in western Ohio." This form is superior to any of the four texts given in Pound, "American Ballads and Songs" (1922), 97-100. Miss Pound holds that ballads naturally deteriorate in tradition. The Galbreath text is a singable ballad. The original memorial poem is heavy and prosy in comparison.

THE TEXAS RANGERS.

Sung to Miss Eddy by Mr. Summer, Canton, O.; learned by him about 1869. Lomax ("Cowboy Songs," pp. 44-46) prints a longer form. See JAFI xxv, 14 (Belden); xxvi, 186. Pound (p. 28) prints a text; reprinted in Pound, American Ballads and Songs, 1922, 163 f. I have heard a Kentucky variant sung by the Rev. G. R. Combs, Paris, Ky. [B. L. Jones ("Folk Lore in Michigan," p. 4) reports the song. Wehman's broadside No. 748 ("The Texan Ranger") lacks the third stanza of Miss Eddy's text.]



2. My name 'tis nothing extra,
But it I will not tell,
I am a roving ranger,
And I'm sure I wish you well.
3. It was at the age of sixteen
I joined a jolly band,
We marched from San Antonio
Unto the Rio Grande.
4. Our captain he informed us,
Perhaps he thought it right,
Before we reached the station,
"Boys, we will have to fight."
5. I saw the black smoke rising,
I saw it bathe the sky,
The very first thought struck me,
"Now is my time to die."
6. I saw the Indians coming,
I heard them give the yell,
I saw their glittering glances,
And the arrows round me fell.

7. But full nine hours we fought them
Before the strife was o'er,
The like of dead and wounded
I never saw before.
8. Six of the noblest rangers
That ever saw the West,
We buried by these comrades,
There ever for to rest.
9. I thought of my old mother,
In tears to me did say,
"To you they are all strangers,
With me you'd better stay."
10. I thought she was old and childish,
And this she did not know,
My mind was bent on roving,
And I was bound to go.
11. Perhaps you have a mother,
Likewise a sister, too,
Perhaps you have a sweetheart,
To weep and mourn for you.
12. If this be your condition,
Although you love to roam,
I advise you by experience,
You had better stay at home.

VILLIKENS AND HIS DINAH.

(*Version a.*)

The following song, sent by Miss Eddy, comes from the collection made by the father of Mr. Charles B. Galbreath, Columbus, O.

Jimmy and Diana.

1. In Cumberland city, as you shall all hear,
There lived a young damsel both comely and fair,
Her name was Diana, scarce fifteen years old,
And she had to her position [portion?] a large sum of gold,
2. Besides an estate, when her father did die,
Which caused many a young man to court the lady;
Among the whole number sweet Jimmy was one,
Who strove for to make this fair damsel his own.
3. Hand in hand together they used for to walk,
To hear the small birds sing, and sweetly they'd talk;
He said, "My Diana, sweet, innocent maid,
My lovely Diana, my heart you've betrayed."

4. In two or three weeks after, her father did say,
 "Go dress yourself up in your best rich array,
 For I've a knight for you worth thousands a year,
 And he says he will make you his joy and his dear."
5. "To wed with any young man I don't feel inclined,
 To wed with any old man I won't be confined.
 Besides, I'm too young, and I pray you, therefore,
 To let me live single one year or two more."
6. "O stubborn daughter! Oh, what do you mean?
 Go dress yourself up, no more fit to be seen."
 In this wretched condition this maid was forced out,
 And she went a-roving the groves all about.
7. She went to yonder bower where the small birds sing sweet,
 Where she and her Jimmy they used for to meet;
 She sat herself down by the side of a tree,
 And a strong dose of poison ended her misery.
8. She had not been there one half-hour, I'm sure,
 Till Jimmy came roving the groves o'er and o'er;
 He espied his Diana, a note laying by,
 And in it she told him, "'Tis for you I die."
9. He kissed her cold clay lips ten thousand times o'er;
 "I'm robbed of my jewel; I'm robbed of my store."
 He fell on his sword like a lover so brave;
 Now Jimmy and Diana both lie in one grave.

[This is an interesting version of the serious ballad on which the celebrated comic song of "Villikens and his Dinah" was founded (see JAFL xxix, 190-191). One other serious version is appended for comparison.¹

(Version b.)

Communicated by Emelyn E. Gardner about five years ago with this note:—

"The following ballad was sung to me by Mrs. Zilpha Richtmyer of West Conesville, N.Y. She had learned it from her mother, who had learned it from *her* mother, who had brought it from England with her more than a century ago."

¹ [This serious ballad, "William and Dinah," is known in broadsides, — Catnach, for example, and W. King, Oxford. A copy given me by Mr. F. C. Walker in 1910 differs from Catnach in only a few small points: it was taken down by him in St. John, New Brunswick, "from the recitation of Mrs. Robert Lane, who emigrated from England at a very early age," and whose songs "mainly descended from her mother, a native of Bristol."]

Diana.

1. Come, listen a while, and to you I will tell
Concerning a damsel who in London did dwell.
Her name 'twas Diana, scarce sixteen years old,
And her fortune 'twas full thirty thousand in gold;
2. Besides a large estate, if her father should die,
Which caused many a suitor to court this lady.
Among this whole number Sir William was one;
There was none that she fancied like to Sir William.
3. Her father came home on one certain day,
And unto his only dear daughter did say,
"O daughter, dear daughter! you need never fear,
I've another match for you worth thousands a year."
4. Said she, "Honest father, oh, don't me confine!
But to marry this citizen is not my design." —
"Consider ten thousand a year you shall have."
Said she, "I would rather go choose me a grave."
5. Sir William, when walking the garden around,
Espied his Diana lying dead on the ground,
With a cup of strong poison and a note lying by,
And in it did tell how Diana did die.
6. "Sir William, Sir William, I bid you farewell,
And the love I bore for you there's no tongue can tell.
But take my advice now, although I am gone,
And marry some fair maid both handsome and young."
7. He kissed her cold lips a thousand times o'er,
And called her his dear one, though she was no more,
Then fell on his sword like a hero so brave;
Now he and Diana both sleep in one grave.]

YOUNG CHARLOTTE.

Part I, 191. Miss Eddy sends two airs. The first is from the singing of Mrs. M. M. Moores, Perrysville, O.; the second, from Mrs. Ryland, Ashland, O.

As an interesting example of the way in which ballads get localized, Mr. Henry Maurer tells Miss Eddy that this song was written concerning "Charlotte Dills, who was frozen to death at Auburn, Ind., in 1862. She had two brothers who were lawyers, and one who was a minister."

In his full account of this poem and its author (JAFL xxv, 156-168), Mr. Phillips Barry tells us that the ballad was composed by William

Carter "before he left Vermont, in 1833;" and points out that the original occurrence is claimed for the poet's birthplace, Benson, or Bensontown, Vt. (pp. 158-159). Barry prints a full text in JAFL xxii, 367-370. Pound, *American Ballads and Songs*, 1922, 103-107.

(a)

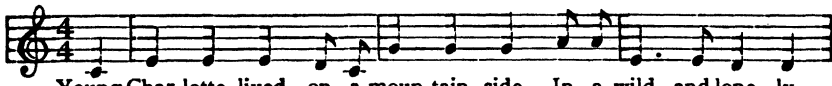


Fair Char-lotte lived on a moun-tain side In a wild and lone - ly

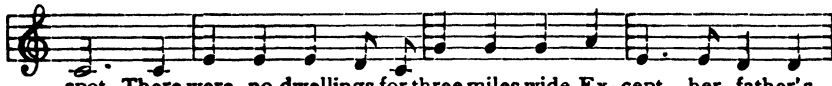


spot, No dwellings 'round for three miles wide Except her fa-ther's cot.

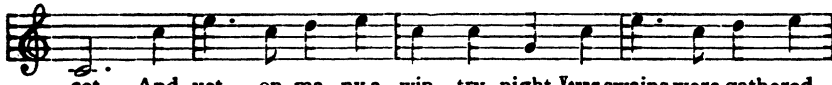
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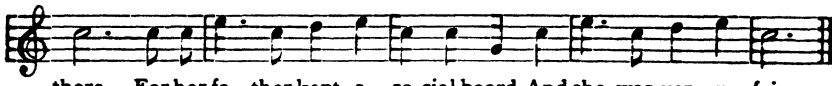
Young Char-lotte lived on a moun-tain side In a wild and lone - ly



spot, There were no dwellings for three miles wide Ex-cept her father's



cot. And yet on ma - ny a win - try night Young swains were gathered



there, For her fa - ther kept a so-cial board, And she was ver - y fair.

YOUNG EDWARD.

See text and notes, JAFL xx, 274 f.

Sent to Miss Eddy from the Frenchburg School, Frenchburg, Ky., by its president, Rev. A. G. Weidler.

1. Sweet Mary was a servant girl;
She loved the sailor boy
Who ploughed the main much gold to gain,
Down in the Lowlands low.
2. "My father keeps a public-house
Down by the seaside shore,
And you can enter there to-day,
And there all night may stay.
3. "I'll meet you in the morning here;
Don't let my parents know
Your name, young Edward dear,
Who ploughs the Lowlands low."

4. Young Edward he sat down to drinking there
Till time to go to bed,
But little was he thinking then
What soon would crown his head.
5. Young Edward rose and went to bed;
Had scarcely gone to sleep,
When Mary's cruel father bold
Into his room did creep.
6. He killed him there, and dragged him
Down the seaside shore;
He sent his body bleeding
Down to the Lowland low.
7. Sweet Mary she lay sleeping,
She dreamed a frightful dream;
She dreamed she saw her lover's blood
Flowing in a stream.
8. She arose, put on her clothes,
Just at the break of day;
"Father, where is that young man
Who came last night to stay?"
9. "He's dead, he's dead, no tales to tell;
His gold will make a show."
"You've killed the one that loved me,
The one that loved me so.
10. "My true-love is in the ocean,
The waves roll o'er his breast,
His body is in motion,
I hope his soul's at rest."

[A Kentucky text of "Young Edwin (Edward) in the Lowlands," contributed by Miss Pettit, was printed in JAF^L xx, 274-275, with references to "Journal of the Folk-Song Society," i, 124, and to broadsides published by Catnach and Bebbington. Miss Loraine Wyman has also found the song in Kentucky; and Campbell and Sharp print versions (with airs) from North Carolina, Tennessee, and Georgia (No. 46, pp. 169-172). Belden has it from Missouri (No. 79); Shearin, from Kentucky (p. 9, "Driver Boy"); and B. L. Jones reports it from Michigan (Folk-Lore in Michigan, p. 4, "Young Emma"). Mackenzie records it in Nova Scotia ("Young Edmund" or "Young Emily"), and prints two stanzas (The Quest of the Ballad, pp. 154-155). It is known in Scotland and Ireland (see references

in Campbell and Sharp, p. 330), as well as in England. In addition to the broadsides already mentioned, the Harvard College Library has Forth (Pocklington), Such (No. 228), John Gilbert (Newcastle, No. 30), Pitts, Jackson & Co. (Birmingham, late J. Russell), and others.]

III. HOMILETIC BALLADS.

The homiletic ballads of the United States are a very characteristic product. I print some pieces that have lately come to me, also two which I mentioned in Part I, 191-192, by title, but which seem good enough, in their doleful way, to deserve preservation.

Six songs in JAFL xiv, 286-292, are examples of the homiletic type. An interesting collection of religious and homiletic ballads is printed in the "Journal of the [English] Folk-Song Society," ii, 115-139. Many of these are intended for singing as Christmas carols.

AWFUL! AWFUL! AWFUL!

Belden, No. 42. Mr. W. J. Button of Long Beach, Cal., writes me: "I recall a song that was in oral tradition in my youth [sixty years ago]. I heard it in Indiana, though I think it came from Kentucky. I remember only one stanza [a form of stanza 2 below]:—

" 'I saw a youth the other day,
All in his prime, he looked so gay,—
But he trifled all his time away,
And now he's brought to Eternity.
Oh, it's awful! awful! awful!'

This stanza and several others, sung in a minor key, never failed in their effect — at least, on one youthful hearer."

Professor Belden has printed the two opening stanzas of the piece in JAFL xxv, 18. He kindly sends me the following complete text, with permission to print. He has three variants. This text was taken from the manuscript ballad book of Mrs. Lida Jones, compiled probably in the sixties, and was secured for Professor Belden by Miss Ethel Lowry from Mrs. Jones's nephew, C. A. Scott of Everton, Dade County, Missouri, in 1906. The name at the bottom is presumably that of the person from whom Mrs. Jones obtained the text.

1. Death is a melancholy call,
A certain judgment for us all.
Death takes the young as well as old,
And lays them in his arms so cold.
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
2. I saw a youth the other day,
He looked so young, he was so gay;
He trifled all his time away,
And dropped into eternity.
'Tis awful! awful! awful!

3. As he lay on his dying bed,
Eternity begins to dread.
He cries: "O Lord! I see my state;
But now I fear I've come too late."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
4. His loving parents standing round,
With tears of sorrow dropping down,
He says: "O father, pray for me!
I am going to eternity."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
5. His tender sister standing by
Says: "Dearest brother, you must die;
Your days on earth will soon be past;
Down to the grave you must go at last."
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
6. A few more breaths may be perceived
Before this young man takes his leave.
"O father, fare thee well!
I'm drawn by devils down to evil."¹
'Tis awful! awful! awful!
7. The corpse was laid beneath the ground,
His loving sister standing round
With aching heart and troubled mind,
To think her brother in hell's confined.
'Tis awful! awful! awful!

LUCY CLARY.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

Miss Eddy obtained the following text and air from Mrs. Virginia Summer, Canton, O. A shorter text and the second air came from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

(a)

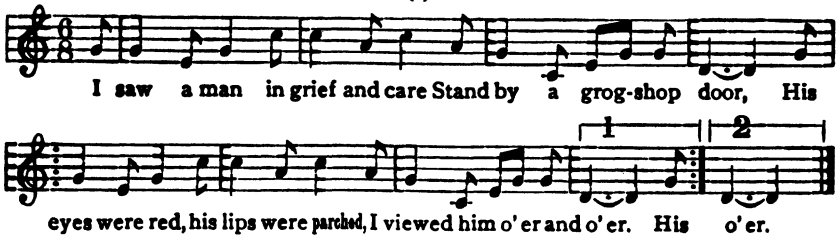
Slowly

1. At dawn of day I saw a man Stand by a grog sa-loon,
His eyes were sunk, his lips were parched; Oh, that's the drunkard's doom.

¹ So in the manuscript, though in the last stanza the fell monosyllable asserts itself.—
H. M. B.

2. His little son stood by his side,
And to his father said,
"Father, mother lies sick at home,
And sister cries for bread."
3. He rose and staggered to the bar,
As oft he'd done before,
And to the landlord smilingly said,
"Just fill me one glass more."
4. The cup was filled at his command,
He drank of the poisoned bowl,
He drank, while wife and children starved,
And ruined his own soul.
5. A year had passed, I went that way,
A hearse stood at the door,
I paused to ask, and one replied,
"The drunkard is no more."
6. I saw the hearse move slowly on,
No wife or child was there,
They too had flown to heaven's bright home,
And left a world of care.
7. Now, all young men, a warning take,
And shun the poisoned bowl;
'Twill lead you down to hell's dark gate,
And ruin your own soul.

(b)



LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ANNA ROSS.

I have a version of this poem, ninety-two lines long, entitled "The Death of a Young Woman," gotten by Miss Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O. It is less effective than the shorter form of fifty lines here printed. A third text of fifty-six lines, no longer in my possession, was copied by Mrs. Jonah Simmons Brown, Warren, Ind., from her mother's copy-book, where it is dated Dec. 10, 1842. This is the only evidence I have as to the age of the piece. Unfor-

tunately my three texts of the poem were listed in Part I, 191-192, as belonging to two separate poems. This, I now see, was a mistake.

The fact that three forms of this homiletic ballad from two States have come to me, shows that it enjoyed a wide circulation and great popularity. But I have also direct testimony on this point. Mrs. Ella Adams Moore, wife of Professor A. W. Moore of the University of Chicago, writes me as follows concerning the piece: "I never heard the poem except in Illinois, but some cousins from southern Indiana used to sing it with other ballads similarly affecting and edifying. I remember being tremendously stirred by them in my tender youth. . . . I believe this particular poem had rather a wide circulation. I never really *knew* any of it; but I have heard it often."

The text here printed comes through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Anderson, both of Warren, Ind. It was obtained in 1914, when Mrs. Anderson was eighty-five years old.

1. A while before this damsel died,
Her tongue was speechless, bound and tied;
At length she opened wide her eyes,
And said her tongue was liberalized.
2. She called her father to her bed,
And thus in dying anguish said:
"From meeting you have kept your child,
To pleasures vain and wanton wild.
3. "To frolics you would let me go,
To dance my soul to pain and woe.
But now, dear father, do repent,
And read the Holy Testament.
4. "Your head is blooming for the grave;
You have a precious soul to save.
Your children teach to serve the Lord,
And worship God in one accord."
5. Her tender mother she then addressed,
Whose tears was streaming down her breast.
She grasped her tender hand and said:
"Remember me when I am dead.
6. "Your aged years have rolled away,
And brought you to this present day.
Now take your dying child's advice,
And turn from sin and avarice,

7. "Before the golden bowl is broke,
Or life's fair cord receive a stroke."
Her honored brother she then addressed,
And thus to him her love expressed:
8. "Forsake your sins and turn to God,
And fear the vengeance of his rod;
Or he will send your soul to dwell
Forever in a lake of hell,
9. "Where fiery billows bursting roll
Around a never-dying soul. —
Come, sister, dear, and take your leave;
And do not for me weep and grieve.
10. "See around my head, how angels shine,
In spangled garments long and fine!
They are around my bed, they are in my room,
To waft my spirit home.
11. "I see no pleasure here on earth,
Traced from my death down to my birth,
That would entice my soul to stay
In this vain world of misery."
12. Underneath death's dark cypress shade
They placed the young departed maid;
While friends and kindred wept around,
To see her corpse laid in the ground,
For her body there to lay
Until the resurrection day.

OUR CHERRIES.

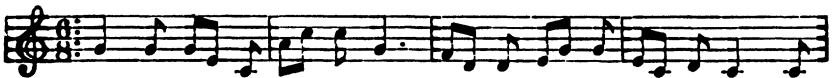
Taken by Miss Eddy from a very old book belonging to Mrs. Maxwell, Canton, O. It belonged to her mother. The ink is badly faded. This remarkable bit of theological satire, or warfare, is signed E[sther] E. Skelley, Hopedale, O.

1. See those cherries how they cover
Yonder sunny garden wall;
Had they not that network over,
Thieving birds would eat them all.
2. So to guard our posts and pensions,
Ancient sages wove a net,
Through whose holes of small dimensions
Only certain knaves can get.

3. Shall we then these networks widen,
Shall we stretch these sacred holes,
Through which even already slide in
Lots of small, dissenting souls?
4. "God forbid!" old Testy crieth;
God forbid! so echo I;
Every ravenous bird that flieth
Then would to our cherries fly.
5. Ope but half an inch or more,
And behold what bebies break in;
Here some cursed old popish crow
Sticks his long and lickerish beak in.
6. Here sly Arian's flock unnumbered,
And Socinians, slim and spare,
Who with small belief encumbered
Slip in easy anywhere.
7. Methodists, of birds the aptest
Where there['s] pecking going on,
And that water-fowl, the Baptist,
All would share our fruits anon.
8. "God forbid!" old Testy snivels;
God forbid! I echo too;
Rather may ten thousand divels
Seize the whole voracious crew.
9. If less costly fruits won't suit 'em;
Hips and haws and suchlike berries,
Curse the cormorants, stone 'em, shoot 'em;
Anything to save our cherries!

TO THE YOUNG AND PROUD.

Miss Eddy gets from Miss Lizzie Brubaker, Perrysville, O., the following air, and stanzas 1 and 4 of the accompanying words.



Oh, ye young, ye gay and proud, You must die and wear the shroud;
CHO.: Then you'll cry and want to be Hap-py in e - ter - ni - ty; E -



Time will rob you of your bloom; Death will bring you to the tomb.
ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, Hap - py in e - ter - ni - ty.

4. His commands let all obey,
We may be happy, sure we may.
Then we'll all unite and sing
Praises to our God and King.

Chorus.

Oh, how happy we will be,
Happy in eternity! etc.

A VOICE FROM THE DEAD.

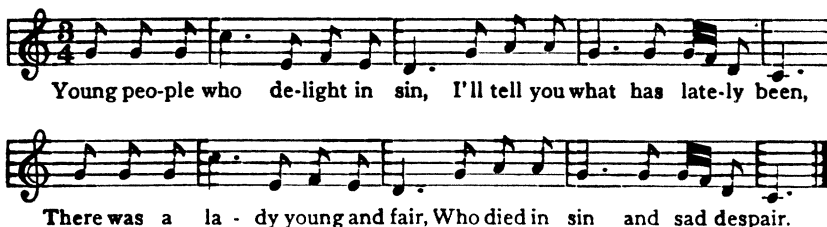
Through Miss Eddy from Miss Jane Goon, Perrysville, O.

1. My youthful mates, both small and great,
Stand here; and you shall see
An awful sight, which is a type
Of what you soon shall be.
2. I did appear once fresh and fair
Among the youthful crowd.
But now behold me dead and cold,
Wrapped in a sable shroud.
3. My cheeks once red like roses spread,
My sparkling eyes so gay;
But now you see how 'tis with me,
A helpless lump of glay [clay].
4. When you are dressed in all your best,
In fashion so complete,
You soon must be as you see me,
Wrapped in a winding-sheet.
5. O youth, beware! and do prepare
To meet the monster Death;
For he may come while you are young,
And take away your breath.
6. When you unto your frolics go,
Remember what I say;
In a short time, though in your prime,
You may be called away.
7. Now I am dead; I can't return;
No more of me you see.
But it is true that all of you
Must shortly follow me.

8. When you unto my grave do come,
 The gloomy place to see,
 I say to you who stand and view:
 Prepare to follow me.

WICKED POLLY.

Miss Eddy sends the air that belongs with Miss Jane Goon's text in Part I, 192. Miss Pound prints two texts in "American Ballads and Songs," 1922, 111-114.



IV. PLAY-PARTY SONGS.

I have a number of interesting play-party songs, but will print only one text. I have not the music for any of them, and the music is peculiarly important. A brief bibliography will perhaps be of service.

The great English work is by (Lady) Alice Bertha Gomme, "The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland" (2 vols., London, 1894, 1898). The most important of these songs have been carefully re-edited for school use, with Mr. Sharp's arrangement of the music and with full directions for dancing, in the following series:—

Gomme, Alice B., and Sharp, Cecil J., Editors, *Children's Singing Games*, in Five Sets, I to V. London, Novello & Co., 1909-12. The H. W. Gray Co., New York, Sole Agents for U. S. A.

The following references are for the United States:—

- Newell, William Wells, *Games and Songs of American Children*. 2d ed. Harper, 1903.
 Ames, Mrs. L. D., "The Missouri Play-Party" (JAFL xxiv [1911], 295-318).
 Wedgwood, Harriet L., "The Play-Party" (JAFL xxv [1912], 268-273).
 Hamilton, Goldy M., "The Play-Party in Northeast Missouri" [JAFL xxvii [1914], 289-303].
 Piper, Edwin F., "Some Play-Party Games of the Middle West" (JAFL xxviii [1915], 262-289).
 Van Doren, Carl, "Some Play-Party Songs from Eastern Illinois" (JAFL xxxii [1919], 486-496).
 Gardner, Emelyn E., "Some Play-Party Games in Michigan" (JAFL xxxiii [1920], 91-133).
 Spinney, Susan Dix, "Riddles and Ring-Games from Raleigh, N.C." (JAFL xxxiv [1921], 110-115).

Isham, Caddie S., "Games of Danville, Va." (JAFL xxxiv [1921], 116-120). Wolford, [Mrs.] Leah Jackson, *The Play-Party in Indiana*. Indiana Historical Commission, Indianapolis, 1916 [published October, 1917].¹

(This book grew out of the author's Master's dissertation [Miss Leah Jackson, University of Chicago, 1915]. It is the fullest and most careful treatment of the play-party available. It has been cordially praised by Mr. Cecil J. Sharp. For the locality primarily considered, Ripley County, Indiana, where this kind of social gathering is still universally popular, the collection is substantially complete. Mrs. Wolford was the rightful historian of the play-party; her father and mother first met at a gathering of this kind. I regret to add that she died early in 1918.)

The song which has been given in Division II of this collection, "Mr. Frog Went a-Courting," is sometimes used as a play-party game.

(See JAFL xxxiii, 98-99.)

The following singing-game seems especially dramatic and interesting.

ROVING BACHELOR.

This play-party game begins with the choosing of partners. After that it agrees in general, but not closely, with the game of "Marriage" as given in Newell, No. 10, form (1). Piper, No. 16, has a few lines that are used here; also Wolford, 43.

Obtained through Mrs. Pearl H. Bartholomew from Mrs. Ella Taylor, Warren, Ind.

1. There comes a roving bachelor,
All in his dirty clothes;
And he would like to get married,
But he don't know where to go,
But he don't know where to go.
2. So I will be his counsellor,
And tell him where to go.
Oh, don't you see those pretty girls,
All seated in a row,
All seated in a row?
3. So I will go and try my luck,
And see what I can do;
And if I get a pretty wife,
I'll always think of you,
I'll always think of you.

¹ Can be purchased of the Indiana Historical Association, Indianapolis, Ind., for one dollar.

4. And if I get an ugly one,
As sure as I am born,
I'll take her down to New Orleans,
And trade her off for corn,
And trade her off for corn.

(The above is for choosing partners.)

5. Come, my loving partner,
Present to me your hand;
'Tis I that wants a wife,
And 'tis you that wants a man.
6. Come, my loving partner,
Present to me your heart.
We'll travel down to Jericho,
And there we will part.
7. I'll mourn, I'll mourn,
And that shall be my cry;
If I never see my true-love,
It's surely I must die.
8. Oh, yonder comes my true-love.
It's how do you do?
How have you been
Since last I saw you?
9. Now we'll get married,
That's if we can agree;
We'll travel down to Jericho,
And there happy be.

Partners face each other in a long line. Head couple step out, all singing, "Come, my loving partner," etc.; head couple join right hands and march down to end of line. As they part, each passing back of the line, all sing, "I'll mourn," etc. As they approach the head of the line, all sing, "Oh, yonder comes my true-love," etc. They then march through again, and stop at the foot of the line. The next couple succeeds, and so on.

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